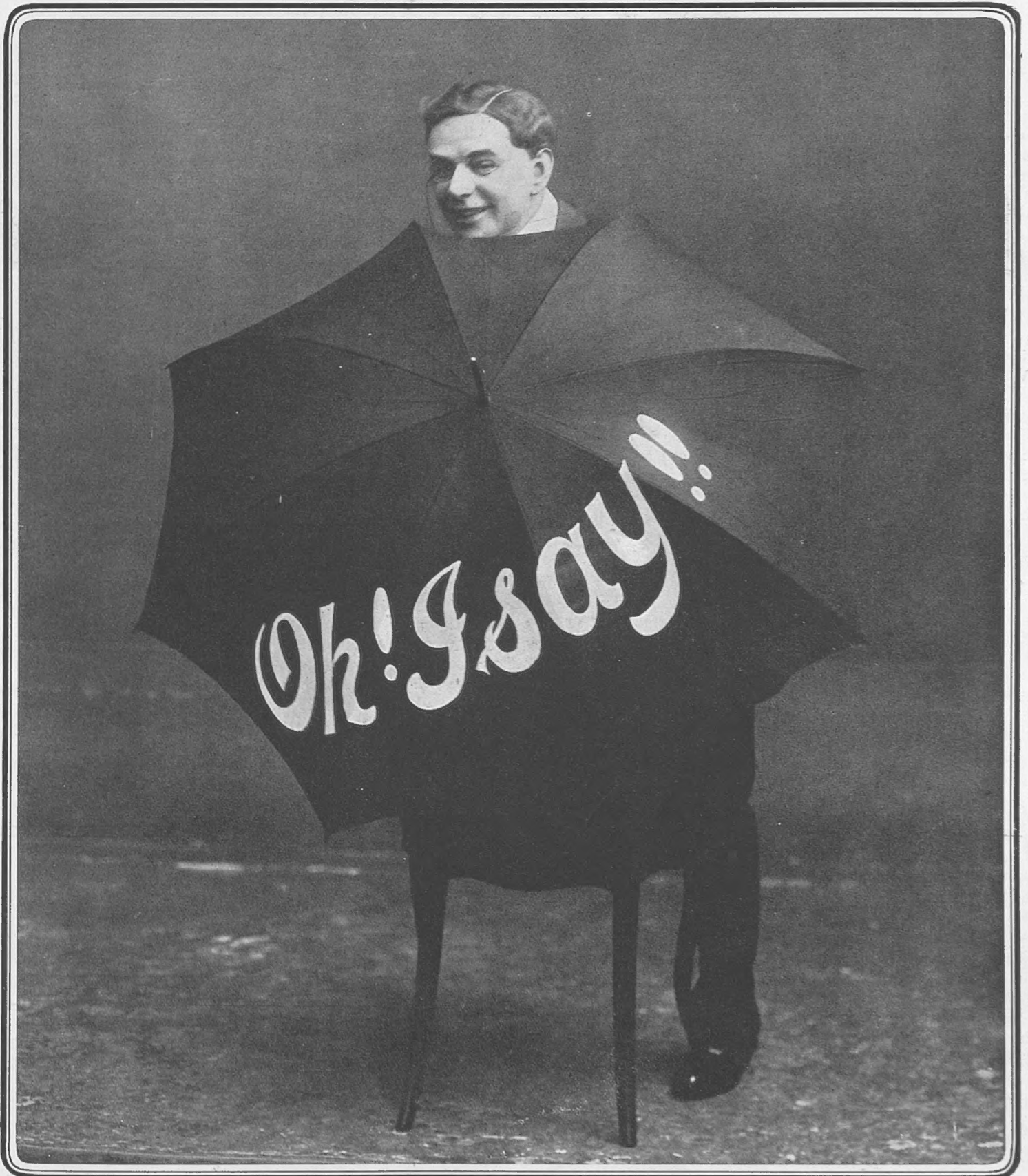


# The Sketch

No. 1061.—Vol. LXXXII.

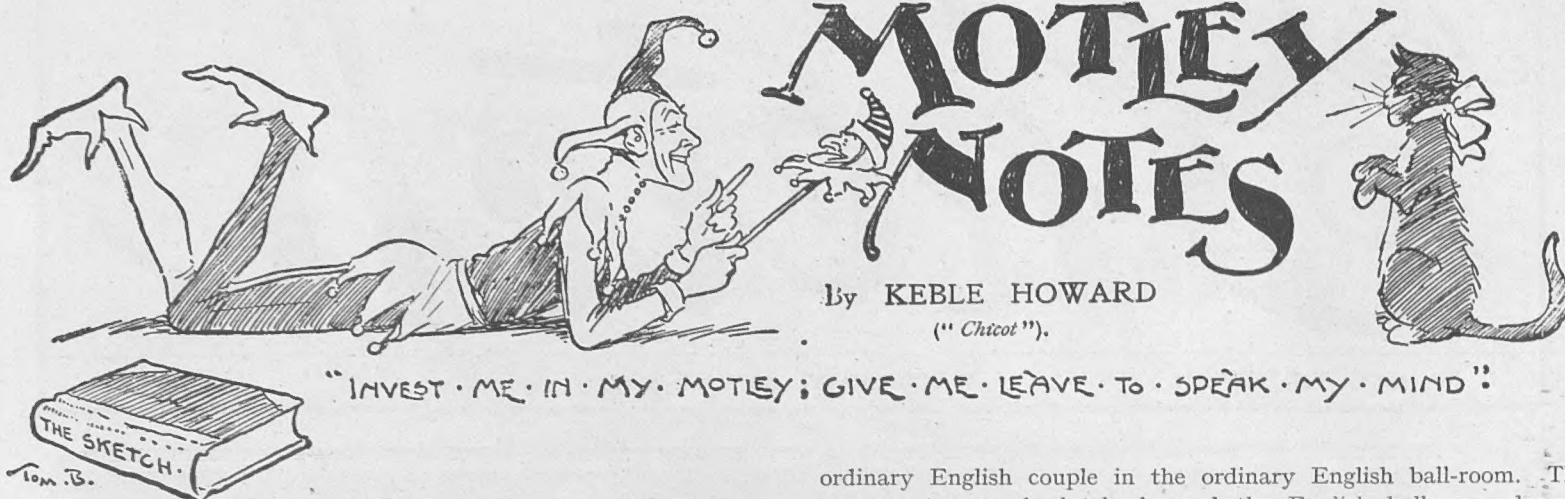
WEDNESDAY, MAY 28, 1913.

SIXPENCE.



IN A PLAY WITH A REVUE-LIKE TITLE: MR. JAMES WELCH AS MARCEL DUROSEL IN "OH! I SAY!!"  
TO BE PRODUCED AT THE CRITERION TO-DAY.

There is a noticeable change taking place in the character of the titles chosen for plays, which now tend to take an exclamatory form after the manner of the revues, such as "Hullo, Ragtime!" Thus we have had, for example, "Oh! Oh! Delphine," and now comes the new piece at the Criterion, a Parisian farce entitled "Oh! I Say!!" It has been adapted by Messrs. Sydney Blow and Douglas Hoare from the French of Henri Keroul and Albert Barre, and is to be produced this evening, May 28. Besides Mr. James Welch, the cast includes Mlle. Marguerite Scialtiel and Mr. Robert Averell.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.]



By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").

"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"

**Mr. Jerningham Explains.**

Mr. Charles Edward Jerningham has solved, once and for all, one of the greatest problems of English life. It is a problem that has baffled dramatists, poets, novelists, politicians, journalists, ambassadors, and, for all I know to the contrary, even kings. Mr. Jerningham, alone and unaided, has stepped forward and explained the meaning of the word "Society."

"Society," he says, "is an incorrect and a confusing word. To some it implies a powerful, respected, and old-established institution; to others a particular combination of pretentious, frivolous, and extravagant men and women; and to others still, an association for the purposes of more or less refined companionship."

"There are," he continues, "the best 'society,' official 'society,' the best financial 'society,' literary 'society,' sporting 'society,' and a multitude of permutations and combinations of these and other sections of 'society.'"

Which, as I say, solves the problem, once and for all. You now know, friend the reader, whether you are or are not "in Society." If you come to the conclusion that you are not, you cannot blame Mr. Jerningham. On the other hand, if you come to the conclusion that you are—and I don't quite see how you can avoid coming to that conclusion—you will call down blessings on the head of tactful Mr. Jerningham. (Always presuming, of course, that you care a hoot one way or the other.)

**"Really Nice Dances."**

This pronouncement of Mr. Jerningham's was called forth by a letter in the *Times*, signed "A Peeress." "My grandmother," wrote "A Peeress," "has often told me of the shock she experienced on first beholding the polka, but I wonder what she would have said had she been asked to introduce a well-brought-up girl of eighteen to the scandalous travesties of dancing which are, for the first time in my recollection, bringing more young men to parties than are needed. I need not describe the various horrors of American and South American negroid origin. I would only ask hostesses to let one know what houses to avoid by indicating in some way on their invitation-cards whether the 'Turkey-Trot,' the 'Boston' (the beginner of the evil), and the 'Tango' will be permitted."

In reply to "A Peeress," "a girl who is being guided through the mazes of a London season," said: "There are always people who do not like anything new which was not done in the days of their grandmothers. When they cannot find anything else against it, they say it is 'improper,' because they have never had the pleasure of doing it themselves. The despised Boston, 'the beginner of the evil,' when well danced is a far more beautiful dance to watch or to dance than the old waltz. I think 'A Peeress' makes quite unfounded suggestions against really nice dances."

Well, we have now heard both sides. As usual, both sides are right, but, in my humble opinion, there is more right on the side of "A Peeress" than on that of the "girl who is being guided."

**"Muriel-Salome."**

When people enter upon discussions of this sort, they narrow their eyes to the smallest possible pin-point instead of opening them as wide as possible. Both "A Peeress" and the "girl who is being guided"—I wish the interviewer had given her a name; let's call her Muriel-Salome—have squeezed up their eyes, thereby losing sight of the fact that a thing which is quite nice and correct in one place is quite nasty and incorrect in another. Muriel-Salome maintains that these new dances are really nice dances. So they are, but not as danced by the

ordinary English couple in the ordinary English ball-room. The movements are absolutely beyond the English ball-room dancer, and these dancers, in attempting them, merely make themselves ridiculous when they try to be modest, and ugly when they throw modesty to the winds. You can't dance the "Turkey-Trot," or the "Boston," or the "Tango," my dear Muriel-Salome, and you may as well abandon the forlorn and miserable attempt at once. It isn't that you haven't a nice figure. It isn't that you are not graceful. It isn't that you are clumsy on your feet. It isn't that your muscles are not pliant. You have all the attributes of the best English ball-room dancers, but you haven't the *blood* for the sensuous ecstasies of the South. If you had, you would be bored to death in an English ball-room, and you would shrink with horror from the grotesque imitation of the dance that your English partner gives. Every country has its own dances. A few English people can waltz, more can polka, but we are really best at Sir Roger de Coverley.

**How to be Brave.**

We are all for new cures. I don't know why. Everybody looks fairly well. Most people who come under one's personal observation appear to have good appetites. Statisticians tell us that the average life is longer than it was a hundred years ago. Alcohol is steadily going out of fashion, and the motor-car takes people more and more into the open air. Golf-courses and tennis-clubs abound. Men fence, and hunt, and play cricket and football with tremendous enthusiasm. And yet any man who comes along with a new cure is sure of a large and attentive audience. Good.

Mr. Hugh de Sélincourt is the latest. He has hit upon a frightfully easy plan of keeping so fit that you don't care a button for anything or anybody. "The ancient Greeks," he writes, "the Samurai of Japan, the Indian Yogi, and all peoples who have raised the culture of the body to a fine art have declared that the seat of courage lies in the abdominal region—a fact which anyone who has been badly frightened will not need to be told. Now, no form of athletics develops these muscles properly; even golf and rowing only do so partially."

What, then, is to take the place, or to supplement, these hitherto unassailed "cures"? Listen—

"You will get up every morning ten minutes earlier than usual; you will open wide the window at the bottom; you will strip and perform exercises until your body is in a glow and fresh with the fresh air blowing in upon you."

**Very Well.**

For my own part, I am quite prepared to take Mr. de Sélincourt's advice. Fortunately, I have nothing but green fields in front of my windows, back and front. The nearest houses, back or front, are half-a-mile away. I shall do exactly as I am advised, and I know that—if I don't catch a bad cold—I shall feel all the better for the treatment.

But Mr. de Sélincourt must be prepared to be told by hundreds of thousands of readers, long before these lines get into print, that they cannot strip and perform exercises in front of the open window without running a very serious risk of being haled to the nearest police-station. There are some things you may do in this country, and some that you may not. One of the things you may not do, if you live in a street, is to strip and stand in front of the open window. It may be silly, it may be narrow, it may lead to the failure of Mr. de Sélincourt's splendid plan. But there is the law, and the law must not be broken even in the sacred cause of health.

With all the sympathy in the world, and with all possible admiration for his enthusiasm, I really do feel that Mr. Hugh de Sélincourt must think of something else.

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THE IMPERIAL PARDON: SPIES AND SPIES: THE SALISBURY PLAIN REVIEW: TRIPOLI AGAIN: JAPS AND YANKS.

### The Kaiser's Clemency.

It was an exceedingly graceful act of the Kaiser—and no Sovereign does more graceful acts—to pardon the three British officers who were detained in German fortresses on proven charges of espionage. Fortunately, from the British Press there had come no prompting of any kind to this act of clemency, for any such prompting would have put difficulties in the Kaiser's way, as some of the German papers would at once have responded with advice to allow the Englishmen to serve out their full sentences. Of the three Englishmen, two—Captain Trench, of the Marines, and Lieutenant Brandon, of the Navy—were Regular officers employed on survey work; while Mr. Stewart is a lawyer by profession, and is also an officer of the West Kent Yeomanry. The term "survey work" covers a very wide field of enterprise, but when any reconnaissance work of fortifications in a foreign country is undertaken by any officer it is done without official sanction and entirely at the officer's own risk. Every country in the world is glad to profit by information obtained in this manner, but if the officers who carry out this very risky business are arrested, their own Government can do nothing in any way to help them.

### Espionage.

There are different degrees in espionage, and there should be some term other than "spy" to apply to officers who, for their country's benefit, not to make money, try to discover the military secrets of other Powers. An officer who undertakes such a duty always does it with his eyes quite open to the risks he runs, and though the punishment he undergoes if his mission is discovered is a severe one, he in no way loses caste in his own Service and in his own country by undergoing this punishment. In the days of the great wars the differences were very clearly understood. The common spy—the man who tried to discover secrets in order to sell them—was hanged without ceremony. A soldier or an officer in civilian's clothes risked a drum-head court-martial and a firing party in penetrating the enemy's lines; but if an officer on reconnaissance work covered his uniform with the great-coat of a civilian he was usually held, if captured, to be an ordinary prisoner of war. That the British officers now set free acknowledged their rank and status when they fell into the hands of the German authorities saved them, no doubt, from a more disagreeable imprisonment than simple detention in a fortress, though that must be trying enough.

### The Southern Command Reviewed.

General Sir H. Smith-Dorrien has very wisely given notice to all the great towns near Salisbury Plain of the big review which is to be held of the troops under his command. Whenever there is to be any great parade at Aldershot all the world is told of it; the troops who are to march past are described, and the best methods of getting to the review-ground and the hour at which the

review will commence are mentioned in all the papers. But the other great command—that of the South of England—never seems to get into the limelight of publicity, and yet there is always a Division of Regulars, and very often a Division of Territorial troops as well, under the command of the General Officer commanding at Salisbury, with a full complement of cavalry and artillery. Southampton and Salisbury, Bristol and Cheltenham, Bath and Trowbridge, all will gladly send their sightseers to watch the march-past of Sir H. Smith-Dorrien's troops now that they know where and when the review will take place.



A LITTLE BIT OFF THE TOP: TAKING THE WALL IN THE CONCOURS HIPPIQUE NATIONAL AT ROME.

Photograph by Abeniacar.

### The Italian Little War.

Since the Turks withdrew their troops from Tripoli, leaving nominal possession of that littoral to the Italians, we in England heard nothing of the Italian measures to occupy their new territory until the news came of what must have been a very desperate battle, in which the Italians only beat off the enemy with tremendous losses to themselves. That almost every officer on the Italian side was killed or wounded shows how desperate the fighting must have been.

The Arabs counted on the Italian custom of resting during the heat of the day, and their attack was made just at the hour when a Southern European usually sleeps after his midday meal. The native troops enlisted by the Italians apparently slept with one eye open, and it was the resistance they made to the Arab surprise attack that enabled the Italians to form up and to bring their artillery into action before the Arabs were amongst them. When the news of the combat reached Rome, those Italians who recall the direful day when an Italian brigade was cut to pieces by the Abyssinians must have felt most grateful that that disaster had not been repeated.



ONE MORE OUTSIDE—WITH DIFFICULTY! A SHOOTING-PARTY IN INDIA STARTING FROM CAMP.

### Japan and America.

No doubt the present friction between the United States and Japan will be smoothed down by goodwill in high quarters on both sides. But I fancy that the American who has never been outside his own country has no idea of the passionate desire that the Japanese had thirty years ago to be enrolled amongst the civilised nations of the world, and the passionate resentment which they must feel when to-

day one of the States of a great friendly nation refuses to accept them as a civilised race. I was in Japan when the treaty was signed which gave to Japan the right of trying Englishmen in her own Courts, and in return for which Japan abolished the irksome system which kept Englishmen tied down to the treaty ports unless they obtained passports to travel. The Japanese in those days were willing to concede anything to obtain recognition as a civilised Power, and as they had even then a magnificent army, and as they were building their own railroads and their own ships, and had learned practically all that the West could teach them, it was no wonder that they resented the idea that a Japanese judge could not be trusted to try a white longshore loafer.



## WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO—



MR. RAYMOND ROZE—FOR EXPLODING THE FALLACY THAT ENGLISH IS NOT SINGABLE.

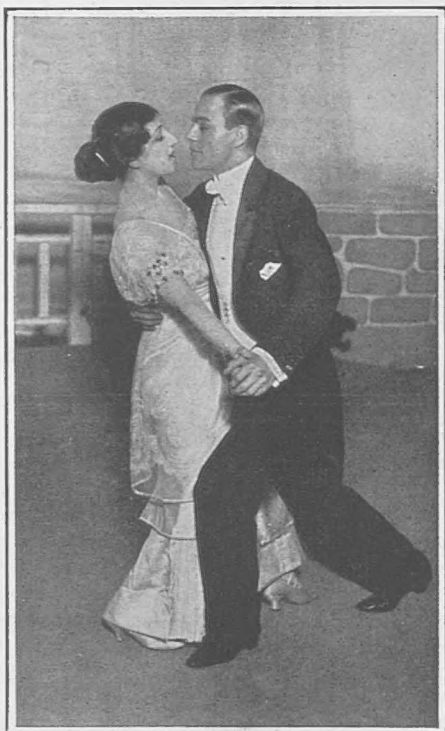


MISS HORNIMAN—FOR GIVING LONDON A TASTE OF HER REPERTORY QUALITY.



MR. ALBERT DE COURVILLE—FOR WINNING A "RAGTIME" BRIDE—MISS SHIRLEY KELLOGG.

Mr. Raymond Roze, who is to give a season of grand opera in English at Covent Garden in November, wants to "explode the fallacy that English is not a 'singable' language." While admitting that Italian is the best singing language, he contends that English is equal to French and better than German for vocal purposes. Miss Horniman's three-weeks repertory season at the Court began on the 12th, and is due to end on Saturday (the 31st). On her London programme have been, among other plays, "The Pigeon," by John Galsworthy, and "Nan," by John Masefield. Miss Horniman's headquarters are, of course, the Gaiety Theatre, Manchester. Mr. Albert P. de Courville and Miss Shirley Kellogg, whose engagement was recently announced, have both had much to do with the success of "Hullo, Ragtime!" at the Hippodrome—the bridegroom as part-author and producer, the bride as performer.—[Photographs by Claude Harris, Bassano, and Marceau.]



MAURICE AND FLORENCE WALTON—FOR SHOWING THAT THE TANGO NEED NEITHER BE UNGRACEFUL NOR DISGRACEFUL.



MME. IDA RUBINSTEIN—FOR TURNING A FLAT INTO A THEATRE FOR TWO DAYS' REHEARSALS.



MESSRS. VARDON AND WILLIAMSON—FOR WINNING THE £350 GOLF FOURSOME TOURNAMENT AT DEAL.

The new dances, the Tango, the Turkey Trot, and others, have been very much under discussion lately since the now historic letter of "A Peeress" to the "Times." Our photograph of Maurice and Florence Walton, who appear in "8d. a Mile," at the Alhambra, shows that the Tango is not necessarily either ungraceful or disgraceful.—Mme. Ida Rubinstein, the famous dancer, who has been rehearsing D'Annunzio's new play, "La Pisanella," in Paris, finding that the stage of the Châtelet Theatre was not free for two days, hired the whole of a sixth floor in the Faubourg St. Germain, had the partitions knocked down and the ceiling raised, and a stage put up on the exact plan of the Châtelet—all for about half-a-dozen rehearsals.—In the final of the £350 Golf Tournament of the Professional Golfers' Association, played at Deal on May 22, Harry Vardon and Tom Williamson beat Josh Taylor and B. F. James by 7 up with 5 to play.

Photographs by G.P.U., Bert, and Illustrations Bureau



MME. MELBA—FOR HER 25TH ANNIVERSARY APPEARANCE AT COVENT GARDEN.



MASTER CARUSO—FOR BEING THE ONLY PERSON WHO CAN MAKE CARUSO NERVOUS.



SIGNOR CARUSO—FOR HAVING MUSIC IN HIS BONES AND RESONANT KNUCKLES.

Mme. Melba had a great reception at Covent Garden on the night of the twenty-fifth anniversary of her first appearance there. Among the numerous messages of congratulation was one from the King.—At Caruso's first appearance this season at Covent Garden it was observed that he seemed a little nervous, and he confessed that it was because he was really singing to an audience of one. "I knew there was one critic," he said, "whom I dare not disappoint." It was his small son, who was in one of the boxes. An interesting description of the great tenor's vocal organs was given the other day by Dr. William Lloyd, the well-known throat specialist. Dr. Lloyd remarked on the abnormal length of the vocal tube and the vocal cords, and said that Caruso's very bones were more resonant than other people's. A rap on his knuckles brought out an unusually high-pitched tone.—[Photographs by Dover Street Studios, Hoppe, and Dupont.]

## PLEASANT—AND “'ARROWING”—SIGHTS! BERLIN PICTURES.



VERY PLEASED: THE SMILING GERMAN EMPRESS AND THE SMILING QUEEN MARY, IN BERLIN.

*Photograph by Record Press.*



EQUALLY PLEASED: THE SMILING PRINCESS VICTORIA LOUISE AND THE SMILING PRINCE ERNEST AUGUSTUS.

*Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.*



WHAT THE PUBLIC SAW OF KING GEORGE (MARKED WITH A CROSS AND AN ARROW): A GERMAN HUMOURIST'S VIEW OF A GREAT PAGEANT.



WHAT THE PUBLIC SAW OF THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA (MARKED WITH A CROSS AND AN ARROW): A DRAWING BY THE SAME GERMAN HUMOURIST.

As all the world knows, Princess Victoria Louise of Prussia, only daughter of the German Emperor, and Prince Ernest Augustus, only son of the Duke of Cumberland, were married in Berlin on Saturday last, the 24th. Amongst the illustrious guests were King George and Queen Mary and the Emperor of Russia.





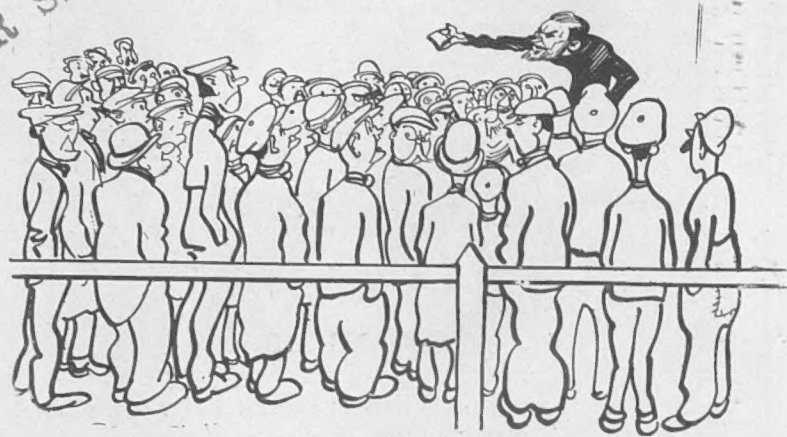
A STRIKE ORGANISED BY MR. JOHN GALSWORTHY: "STRIFE" REVIVED.

A SLIGHT imitation (as the gentleman says who is about to show you Sir Herbert Tree doing Svengali)—a slight imitation of the state of mind set up by a visit to the Trenartha Tin Plate Works, where Mr. Galsworthy has organised a strike. You get there by an early train at some inconvenience, for the thing is serious. The suffering among the shareholders is intense. Mr. Scantlebury may miss the dinner train back to town. Mr. Wilder may not be home in time to take his wife to Spain. It is snowing hard, and the company may have to pass its dividend. Among the men the position is almost as bad. One of them has not smoked or taken strong drink for weeks. There may be others in the same condition. Their wives and children are starving. Only Jan Thomas has the strength to blow a tin whistle, and he is a boy of ten, too young to understand that he and his whistle are but corks tossed helplessly by the upper and nether millstones of a raging sea of gigantic social tendencies; also not clever enough to see his way through a mixture of metaphors so complicated, howsoever patiently it were explained to him.

Mr. McKinnel at His Greatest.

Jan Thomas, like Gallio or Pilate, or whoever it was, cared for none of these things. Had you told him that there was drama in a board meeting, he would have continued to blow his whistle and expressed no surprise. Had he met a social tendency, he would have looked it in the face and passed on, still blowing. But had he met Sir John Anthony, he might unwittingly have brought a Colossus to the ground. Sir John, in the form of Mr. Norman McKinnel at his greatest, sat in his board-room at the head of his table and saw social tendencies in the mass: saw them loom large and towering, things to be defied and fought to the last drop of a limited liability company's blood; and the more they loomed, the larger and more towering grew he. He was a man of few words and one idea. His one idea was, "Masters are masters, and men are men"; and when, outvoted by the board, he rose from his chair and said: "Gentlemen, you have disgraced me," his few words were the thunder-roar of the wounded lion in his agony of death. Were you to mention to Sir John such things as starving women, there would come to his lips the grim smile of the master-conqueror, the smile of Nature when she sees the unfit ground beneath the heel of the fit. "I am not aware," he would say, "that I am responsible for the suffering caused in a quarrel

with a big "L," and David saw only Capital with a big "C"; and each saw a wild-eyed, savage, grasping and insatiable monster, seeking for what it might devour. Sir John was dour, taciturn, unflinching, immovable, meeting all attacks of sentiment with that wonderful inscrutable smile; David was ferocious, voluble, visionary, a man of grievances and dreams, and most irrepressibly Welsh. They were the kind of men who in the past would have made wars when individuals could make wars; the kind of men who, in our



THE MEETING OF THE MEN: MR. J. FISHER WHITE AS DAVID ROBERTS HARANGUING THE STRIKERS IN "STRIFE."

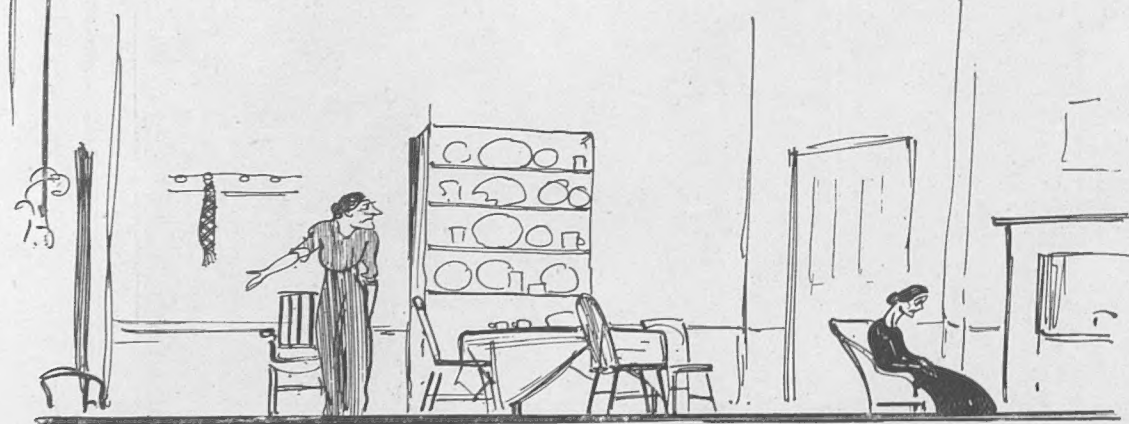
CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

days, make great strikes. To set them face to face was to set a mad bull to negotiate with a stone wall; and the clashing of them makes great drama. But they are troublesome creatures when the business of the world has to be done. Boards and trade unions and strike committees, and such like smaller and more human things, must think of falling dividends and dying wives and boys with tin whistles; so, while the mad bull and the stone wall rage furiously together, their humble followers, being no heroes, walk quietly round by side-paths and shake hands.

Capital and Labour.

It is all very sad for the man of principle and ideals; but so it happens in this weak and compromising world. Sir John and David facing each other in silent and respectful admiration, most supreme and most triumphant in the hour of their defeat, are magnificent; but, says Mr. Galsworthy, they are not business; and Mr. Galsworthy has a sure way of going straight for the truth, of putting men before you and letting them speak for themselves. Is Capital a ravening giant grinding down the faces of the poor? Look at Sir John, the grandeur and nobility of him, the genius that has built a great business, the commanding dignity before which all petty creatures must bow. Men must have their

rulers, and of such are the rulers of men. Can you say that he is wrong? Is Labour a monster of selfish greed, blindly struggling after an ideal which would bring down itself and Capital in ruin? Then look at David Roberts, the fiery sincerity of him; remember the invention for which he got seven hundred pounds while the company got a hundred thousand; remember his dying wife and the tragic helplessness of the men's meeting, swayed this way and that by rhetoric; and again, can you say that he is wrong? I think Mr. Galsworthy is for Labour; but Capital with him must have its say, for he has a passion for justice to all men.



THE DOMESTIC ELEMENT IN "STRIFE": MISS ESMÉ BERINGER AS MADGE THOMAS AND MISS DORA BARTON AS AMY ROBERTS IN DAVID ROBERTS' COTTAGE.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

I have not sought"; and when he spoke, he had a habit of leaving the impression that there was nothing more to be said.

A Mad Bull and a Stone Wall.

Yet, possibly, had he met Jan Thomas in the concrete instead of seeing starvation in the abstract as an incident of war, the result might have been different. A small boy hungry is a wonderful solvent of social problems. Underwood, who managed the works, and Enid, his wife, and Sir John's daughter, knew that. But Sir John only met David Roberts, known in private life as Mr. Fisher White, and David was as abstract as himself. Sir John saw only Labour



BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: "STRIFE."

FOR SALE



CAPITAL AND LABOUR FACE TO FACE: THE PROTAGONISTS IN MR. JOHN GALSWORTHY'S  
INDUSTRIAL DRAMA AT THE COMEDY.

Mr. Norman McKinnel as the dour, uncompromising capitalist, Sir John Anthony, and Mr. J. Fisher White as the fiery little Welsh workman and strike-leader, are, of course, the protagonists in "Strife." Sparks fly when they meet, and the conflict of the two personalities makes the dramatic moments of the play.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

## DANCING INVISIBLY: PORTRAITS OF AN ACTOR AND



THE DANCE IN WHICH ONLY TEETH, HATS, SHOES, A STICK, A PARASOL, AND A BUTTON-HOLE SEEM  
The two photographs here given illustrate one of the novelties of "8d. a Mile," the new revue at the Alhambra. The setting of the stage is a  
but the occasional gleam of white teeth and the movements of two light hats, two pairs of white-gloved

# AN ACTRESS IN "8D. A MILE," AT THE ALHAMBRA.



TO TAKE PART: MISS PHYLLIS MONKMAN AND MR. HORACE HOWARD IN THE BLACK-AND-WHITE ACT.

black curtain. Miss Monkman and Mr. Howard wear black and have their faces blacked. As a result, the audience see during the dance nothing hands, two pairs of white-shod feet, a light walking-stick, a light parasol, and a light button-hole.





# CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

PARK LANE is not engaging much of the American Ambassador's attention during his quest for a dwelling, and Dorchester House is the last place to catch his eye. It does, all the same, catch the eye of other Americans, and Sir George Holford is occasionally asked his price. But with the question put the matter ends, save when Mr. James B. Duke settles at the Ritz and lays siege to the house he covets. Dr. Page's campaign is conducted from the Coburg; Mr. Duke is after bigger game, and is a great sportsman. Sir George Holford has not, it is said, turned an entirely deaf ear to the great American argument. And even the Duke of Devonshire, we learn in the Courts, has heard of, if not hearkened to, tenants from Tennessee.

*The Bessborough Genius.*

Particularly interesting to the Duke of Con-

naught and the invalid at Clarence House is the announcement of a Bessborough engagement. Lord and

Lady Bessborough are their old friends, with whom they have stayed in the golden vale of Kilkenny; and Captain Myles Ponsonby, a

ENGAGED TO THE HON. WINDHAM BARING: LADY GWENETH PONSONBY.

Lady Gweneth Ponsonby is the third and youngest of the Earl of Bessborough's daughters. She was born in 1898. Her sisters are Lady Oranmore and Browne and Lady Helena Congreve. Mr. Windham Baring is the second son of the Earl of Cromer, and was born in 1880.

*Photograph by Val l'Estrange.*

younger son, was for some time the Duke's A.D.C. Lord Bessborough himself, although he started his career in the Navy, at the age of fourteen,

is essentially a man of affairs. He retired from the Service in time to be called to the Bar before he was twenty-eight, and took up half-a-dozen other interests that were to make him famous in business and politics before he was forty. He is in the directorate of a dozen large enterprises, has had railways and canals under his thumb, and would have cheerfully promoted a sea or a continent if he had found any waiting to be

turned into a going concern. Lady Bessborough has something of the same talent, on a different scale; she has been invaluable in making a market in London and elsewhere for the peasant industries of Ireland.

MR. HAMILTON FREDERICK WARD, WHOSE WEDDING TO MISS VIOLET ENID BELFIELD WAS FIXED FOR YESTERDAY (MAY 27).

The wedding was fixed to take place in the Guards Chapel.

*Photograph by Keturah Collings.*

concern. Lady Bessborough has something of the same talent, on a different scale; she has been invaluable in making a market in London and elsewhere for the peasant industries of Ireland.

*The Pardons, and Pall Mall.* There has been some little talk in Pall Mall as to the status of Captain Trench and Lieutenant Brandon on their return to town. The only sort of prisoner who has not the slightest doubt about resuming, without invitation, the habits of his pre-captivity is the prisoner of war. A record of penal servitude would, to say the least, make a man feel uneasy about turning into his club in Piccadilly in the old way. But confinement

in a fortress by a foreign Power is another thing; moreover, the Kaiser's pardon must overrule all sensitiveness, as well as all the bye-laws. The case of Mr. Bertrand Stewart does not arise in quite the same way at the War Office; but at the time of his arrest he was a member of the Athenæum, the Carlton, Arthur's, and White's.

"A Peeress." The "Peeress" who writes to the *Times* on the "Tango" will keep her anonymity, despite the cries of "Author! author!" The suspicion that Mr. Bernard Shaw must be the writer of anything that provokes controversy is not in this instance justified. Nor is Printing House Square itself responsible for the slashing sentences of the famous attack. The young journalist on the staff of a daily paper who could always be counted on for letters signed "The Mother of Six" was never allowed to have his fling at the height of the season; and "A Peeress" who had written to the

*Times* without enclosing her card would probably not have got into print at a time when there is no lack of "copy."

Another instance of disguised identity occurred not long ago, when the Countess of Selborne signed a letter to the *Times* with the name of her friend Lady Constance Lytton. The Peeress in the present case is no less a reality, though the veil is thicker.

*Suppliant Sitters.*

Cambridge is swept by a desire for portraits. All the Masters are being painted for their college halls; and the University has great hopes of persuading Mr. Sargent, upon whom degrees are being conferred, to break his rule against accepting



ENGAGED TO MISS DENISE GREVILLE: SIR JOSEPH DOUGHTY-TICHBORNE.

Sir Joseph Doughty-Tichborne is the thirteenth Baronet, and was born in January 1890. He holds a commission in the 4th Hussars. He is a co-heir to the Baronies of FitzPayne and Kerdeston. Miss Greville is the daughter of Colonel Henry Fulke Greville, and related to the Earl of Warwick.

*Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.*



MISS VIOLET ENID BELFIELD, WHOSE WEDDING TO MR. HAMILTON FREDERICK WARD WAS FIXED FOR YESTERDAY (MAY 27).

Miss Belfield is the eldest daughter of the Governor of British East Africa, Mr. H. C. Belfield.

*Photograph by Keturah Collings.*

sitters. It is difficult to say what constitutes a sufficient claim upon him. To be his niece, the present Academy makes known, is good enough; but to be an archbishop is not. To be Mr. Henry James constitutes a sufficient claim, but to be anybody except a niece or the novelist has disqualified. Now comes news of another exception; to be Mary Anderson is also good enough, and Mrs. de Navarro has taken a seat in the Sargentine republic.



TO MARRY DR. CHARLES FENNELL TO-DAY (MAY 28): MISS SYLVIA MITCHELL.

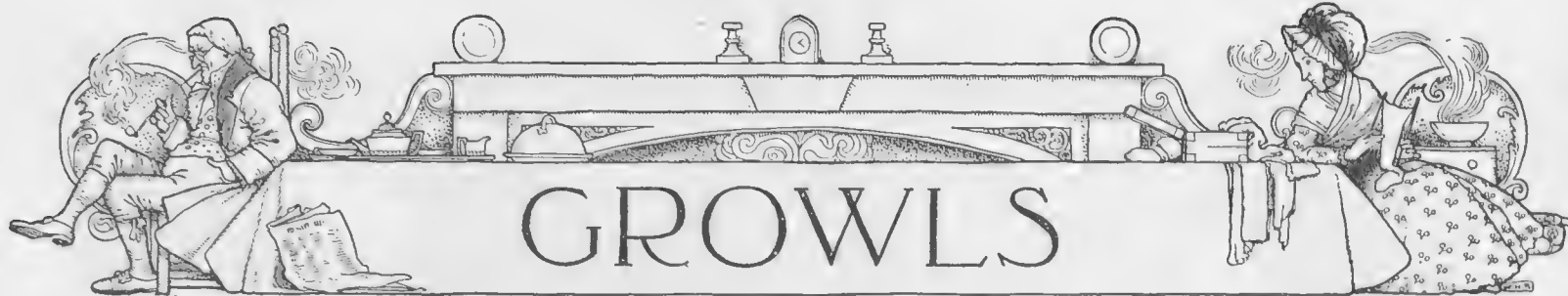
Miss Mitchell is the daughter of Mrs. Illingworth Mitchell, of 5, Portland Place. Dr. Fennell took his M.D. at Oxford in 1902. He was at one time Medical Registrar of the Hospital for Sick Children in Great Ormond Street. The wedding will take place at St. Mark's, North Audley Street.—*(Photograph by Lillie Charles.)*

# "ARMOURED" FOR THE RING: WIRE-PROTECTED LADIES BOXING.



MASKED THAT THEIR BEAUTY MAY NOT BE MARRED AND THAT THEY MAY RUN NO OTHER RISKS FROM HARD BLOWS: GIRLS "AT IT" WITH THE GLOVES.

That a certain number of women go in for boxing is well known, but it has remained for the United States to "armour" those ladies who wish to try their skill with the gloves. To quote an American journal: "Guy Otis Brewster is going down in history as the friend of every athletic young woman, every suffragette who insists she is man's physical and mental equal. He has shown them how to learn to box and won the approval of former teachers who disapproved this exercise for young women. He has invented a mask for the head so beauty won't be marred by hard blows, and one for the chest and stomach so there will be no danger from body-punches. Mr. Brewster is the physical instructor of public schools in Wharton, N.J. Long ago he was convinced that boxing, one of the finest of exercises for men, ought to be made possible for women. He constructed his masks and has introduced them among the pupils. . . . To prove his success Mr. Brewster got several of his pupils to give a demonstration before a meeting of the Physical Education Society. The girls fought vigorously. They swung with right and left to body and jaw, and uppercut with all their vigour. Blows which taxed their strength fell harmless on the wire protectors, and the victims only laughed and plunged in for more."—[Photographs by Paul Thompson.]



## A CRISIS IN CRICKET: REFLECTIONS ON REFORM.

NOW that the cricket season has started in real earnest it is just as well to remember that we passed a considerable section of the winter in deploring the decadence of the game and endeavouring to discover some remedy for its unpopularity. Naturally, now that this engaging pastime is in full swing, we have most of us forgotten the tears we shed in the off season as well as the ingenious theories and devices we evolved from the depths of our intelligences, but I, for one, remember how it was rubbed into me in my morning paper that all was not well, that the national game had lost its hold upon the popular imagination, and that something really ought to be done about it. I have not omitted to recollect the learned dissertations penned by experts, or—still more important in such cases as this—the inspired disquisitions signed by gifted and enthusiastic non-performers; and when I see my paper devoting more and more columns every day to descriptions of county matches, of which I was told quite recently the public was heartily sick, I begin to feel a renewed interest in the subject. The fact that I do not nowadays feel myself, as in days of yore, impelled to dedicate all my spare summer hours to Lord's and the Oval teaches me practically nothing. This falling-off of interest on my part may be merely the result of advancing years, and may even be an indication of the development of senile decay; but if it is in truth coincident with a similar tendency in the great mass of the people, it may be of much importance in weighing the pros and cons; and when I come to look back upon the days that are gone and to compare them with modern developments, I am forced to the conclusion that the reason why cricket has lost something of its former power of appeal is that we have drifted into the habit of regarding things in general from a humanitarian point of view, and that we are liable to-day to be distressed by what was once wont to afford us undiluted satisfaction.

**My Conjecture.** I am disposed to believe that, in course of time, we have grown to see that there is no small amount of brutality in the methods under which the game is conducted, and, just as we would not bring ourselves to witness the sight of bulls puncturing horses at the Hippodrome, or of lions mauling Christians at the London Opera House, so we hesitate to betake ourselves to a spectacle which entails human suffering even on a smaller scale. We are all soft-hearted to a degree in these days, and we are therefore disinclined to accord our

patronage to procedure which ignores the humanitarian point of view. It makes our hearts ache to see the recognised exponents of a historic game tiring themselves out for our amusement, and facing the invariably bitter wind of May, and the occasionally broiling sun of August, for the purpose of providing us with entertainment. In our tender regard for the welfare and the safety of others we tell ourselves that there is actually a danger of the players subjecting themselves to bodily injury in the course of the proceedings. However keenly desirous the bowler may be of making the balls hurtle through the air, he may inadvertently propel the ball into the diaphragm of the batsman, and, however intense is the latter's longing to reach the boundary, the ball may at any moment smite a fielder en route and occasion pain not only to him, but also to an audience instinct with the ideals of humanity. We shudder to think that our modern civilisation should permit of our fellow-creatures being, so to speak, butchered to make us a holiday.

## Suggested Mitigation.

It is a solace to note that in recent times the tension of the game has to a certain degree been relieved by supplementing the interval for luncheon by an adjournment for tea, and I think that by further extension upon these lines our anxiety might be alleviated and the popularity of the pastime revived. I believe that it is generally recognised by the leaders of the medical profession that caviare possesses nutritious properties of a high order, and a perusal of our hoardings tells us that there are on the market divers beef-extracts of an undoubtedly invigorating character. A regular distribution of these comestibles amongst the players after each over would reassure the spectators immensely, and would remove from their minds any uneasy suspicion that the powers of the performers were being unduly taxed. Then, again, a curtailment of the period of play, say, to one hour before lunch, one hour before tea, and another after, coupled with a compulsory adjournment when the weather was either too cold or too hot, together with the employment of a ball of softer material, would engender in the onlooker the gratifying certainty that the resources of the players were not being put to too severe a test. It would be a sorry day for England should she live to see any serious decline in the estimation in which her national game has so long been held, and I throw out these suggestions in the ardent hope that by their adoption the dawn of that day may be averted.—MOSTYN T. PIGOTT.



AFTER AN EXPERIENCE WORTH MORE THAN 8D. A MILE! MISS ELLA RETFORD'S HOBBLE SKIRT MAKES IT DIFFICULT FOR HER TO GET OUT OF AN AEROPLANE, AT HENDON.

Miss Ella Retford is one of the most successful principals in "8d. a Mile," at the Alhambra. Evidently she is desirous of being in the aviation scene of that revue—in addition to being in various others.—[Photograph by C.N.]



SHOWING HER ANKLE-BANGLE MASCOT: MISS ETHEL LEVEY, OF "HULLO, RAGTIME!" GETTING INTO AN AEROPLANE AT HENDON—ASSISTED BY MR. GRAHAME-WHITE.

Miss Ethel Levey, that bright particular star of the revue at the London Hippodrome, enjoyed an aeroplane flight the other day—enjoyed it very much, not fearing, for she had on the ankle bangle which she never takes off—and which she has worn as a mascot for a number of years.

Photograph by C.N.



PEOPLE TO WHOM WE HOPE WE ARE ALTOGETHER SUPERIOR!



XV.—THE ACCIDENT-WATCHER.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



## BACK FROM PARIS: FOUR COMMANDMENTS, AND THE ETERNAL SECRET.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

AND back again, amiable readers, back to my fresh and green hamlet after a week in Paris. What a different aspect one's world can assume in a short week, *mes amis*! How grass can grow in a week! My lawn is making such a brave show. How letters can accumulate in a week! I found my cottage had shrunk in my absence, also that four new red rose-buds had come out, and that some new friends had pushed open my garden-gate and come in.



WITH BOLDLY FLOWERED SKIRT:  
A NEW FASHION FROM PARIS.

Photograph by Cosmopolis.

My friends, all, not only those that take the trouble to seek me out, but also those who write from afar, thank you! you make me very happy. Sometime, especially in the spring, when the call of laziness on the rocking river, or in the warm, sunny fields, is a pleasurable torture to my luxurious body, it becomes a hard task to write, but I assure you, my friends, that my weekly page, even in my most languorous hours, has come to mean a sweet communion between you and me. I do not know how this page does read, but to write it does not feel at all like writing "copy"; rather does it feel like one of those careless and intimate dribbling of words between people in perfect palship. Like one of those talks we have, Germaine and I, lying flat on our backs in poppy-fields or on sand-hills—nibbling at long grasses plucked absent-mindedly, while we stare at the clouds' grotesque metamorphosis.

One of you has asked me what new things I saw in my capital. Did you mean as regards fashions, pictures, or plays? To please you I will break one of my principles. In my opinion, the mode, like temperature, is a thing to be felt and obeyed—or resisted—but never studied. For you, however, I will put the results of my observations into four theories, or commandments, according to your degrees of meekness towards fashion: Waist lower; chignon higher; hair darker; skin paler.

The women of Paris are dropping their waist-line and piling up their hair once more. Once more brunettes are in the majority. Also face make-up for the street is *démodé*. Just a caress of the powder-puff, a rub of lip-salve, a black tear of kohl on the tip of the eye-lashes, and that's all. The women of Paris just now are allowing themselves to be what they are. They could do no better.

As regards pictures, I am ashamed to say I did not go to the Salons. How could I find time to look at pictures when I could not find it to look up my friends? Upon one only did I call, and rang in vain. The dear man was out, secretary out, servants out; no one answered to my vigorous ringing. I had no card, but on the mat lay several newspapers. I picked up *Le Temps*, and to its title added in pencil, "*n'y fait rien*"; in truth, I am the most constant friend, but what will the *concierge* think!

On the eve of my departure I went to and wept at a beautiful play, which I hear has already been acquired for London. I mean

"Le Secret," by M. Henry Bernstein. It should be very easily translated, and should lose nothing of its effectiveness in the translation, for there is in it no wit, nor subtlety, nor complexity of style. The play rests entirely on the strength of its truth. It is Life as we hear it, and therefore, unlike many other plays more clever and less sincere, it is better acted than read. The heroine of the play, impersonated by the talented if restless Mme. Simone, is a woman with no other fault but that of having been born with a cruel nature. She can love desperately, she is capable of great sacrifices for those she loves—but she cannot let them be happy! She stands over their happiness like Atropos armed with her scissors. She is for ever haunted and tortured by the desire to inflict anguish upon them. She is fiendishly adroit—a spider-woman, febrile and keen, always at her web. To understand purposeless cruelty, one must realise that cruelty is a form of pleasure: one of the earliest forms—almost the only form for the loveless. Children are all cruel, instinctively. The pleasure they feel in crushing a snail underfoot is the same brutal sensation of proven strength and power which will later become virility. There is cruelty in all love except the parental one, which is unmeritoriously, because instinctively, protective.

As "Le Secret" is going to be produced here shortly, I will not tell it. But one scene of it is so beautiful and touching that I cannot help talking to you about it before you go and swallow your sobs as you see it.

The two husbands are alone together, both sad to death, and full of pity for each other's pain; and the older and more cruelly wounded cries out from the depths of his sorrow. He cries out that the real Secret is the soul of the closest, and dearest, and most beloved; that after two lovers have shared heavens together—and torments infernal—have talked futile words, and their darkest and deepest thoughts, that after man and wife have shared one another's lives and known every hour, every deed, every word of them—they have seen only what was to be seen, they have heard only what was to be heard, and the unknown soul in the possessed body remains ever the stranger redoubtable.



SEEN AT THE PARIS RACES: A VERY BOLDLY  
DESIGNED CLOAK.

Photograph by Sport and General.

REALLY! REALLY!!

FOR SALE



THE TRAMP (*to the elderly spinster*): Gimme a pair o' boots, lidy.

THE SPINSTER: I haven't any to give away.

THE TRAMP: Then ars't yer 'usbin' if 'e ain't got an ole pair o' trowsers to spare.

THE SPINSTER (*not wishing to betray her unwedded state*): My husband—er—never wears such things.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



A CITY FATAL TO REVERIE: PARIS, THE MISTRESS OF "SAVOIR VIVRE."

"SAVOIR VIVRE" is an 'ology as old as Socrates and as new as Nietzsche. It is the affair, the one supreme affair which concerns us all. Before ever we begin to conjugate "I live, thou livest, he lives," I, thou, and he are learning how to live. And just because Paris, more than other cities, makes a loving art of living joyously and graciously, her name is the bright particular star of Western civilisation. "Each city has her way of greeting Time," says Lord Dunsany, and Paris greets him each *Nouvel An* as gaily as a babe is greeted, and lives sympathetically through the great experiences of the year's four seasons without retrospect or reverie. "In every direction the habits of Paris are fatal to reverie," quotes Mr. Sommerville, and that means that the Parisians must be very much alive. It follows, therefore, that the pages of this pleasant book, which seek to seize the Spirit of Paris, are gaily absorbed in things to eat, to drink, to wear, to see, to do.

**A Corpse in a Café.** The café—an institution which came from the East—plays a great rôle, of course. A dead Parisian desired by his will "that on the day of my burial I may be carried round by the Rue Le Peletier to visit once more the table where I have spent so many of the pleasant hours of my life." So it happened that one afternoon, about four o'clock, passers-by were astonished to see an empty hearse standing at the door of the Café Riche. The temporary tenant was spending a few minutes in the café! The little marble-topped tables are so many centres of social life; the café is a club, and mostly a well-conducted club, for both sexes. The Parisian goes there as a pastime—and, above all, to see life, because he loves to watch other people; and the drinking is quite a secondary consideration. Hard drinking or intoxication is so rare in French cafés that it may practically be said to be non-existent.

#### The First Stage in the World.

After the cafés, the play. More than they, the theatre is a part of national life. Governments, dynasties, Churches may rise and fall, but the theatre remains, "evolving from its own principles, which are deep-rooted in the past." The cafés provide a show of life; the theatre's business is to criticise life, and every Frenchman has the stage in his blood. "It is the finest stage in the world."

One of our author's most charming chapters recounts the glories of a first-night, or *Répétition Générale*: the front row of the balcony (reserved for actresses) filling up with beautiful women; men below, every one of them a notability, levelling their glasses towards it. There are Cécile Sorel, the queenly beauty of the Comédie Française; and

that "little woman with the exquisite profile, the dark eyes, and the rope of pearls wound round her neck—who is she? She is known in several capitals. It is Lina Cavalieri, the Italian street-girl who became a café-concert dancer, and then a grand opera singer. Near by is the much-talked-of Polaire, the actress-dancer with the mass of curly black hair, sallow skin, and big mouth." Journalists, caricaturists, Russian Grand Dukes, authors, and dressmakers discuss

every phase of the new play in boxes and corridors. The *entr'actes* are long, because half the house surge round to the *loges* of the performers to offer congratulation and criticism; "and presently round the house will be passed the newest *bon mot* just born from a situation, a scene, or a chance encounter, and everyone will be put in that happy frame of mind which arises from having been at the birth of a good thing."

Naked, Though  
Clothed. And then dress! This is how a French poet

writes of recent fashion, for "the Frenchman takes as much interest in dress as the woman does, and discusses it with as much enthusiasm: 'Woman, whether she were spouse or single young girl, had found a divine means of being naked, though clothed. . . . Are we to lose these graceful beings, these Grecian shapes which remind one at once of yielding bows, of statues, as I have said, of lilies even, whose exquisite outlines match so well those of our new furniture? . . . I am not a powerful dressmaker, but I am a person of delicate susceptibilities, and I do not know how I shall in the future be able to live without the tight dress, without even the hobble skirt. . . . That is why we should fight—we artists, poets, and lovers—for the strict dress which clings to and weds the form, the pure dress which one can compare to a lyre . . . and which does not touch the mud!'"

#### No Use for Votes.

And as for the Woman Question—"No Parisian," Mr. Sommerville thinks, "could have written Dante's poems about Beatrice." But though a Frenchman is not given to distant adoration, "he will gladly hook up a woman's dresses, and take an interest in the little things that make up her life." No pleasure of his is taken without her; "gatherings of men alone are almost unknown, and her presence makes all gather-

ings fêtes. . . . A Parisian, of whatever age or class, pulls himself up immediately a woman enters an assembly, and becomes livelier . . . his eyes are clapped on her at once." What shall a vote profit such a woman! This and much more may be found in Mr. Sommerville's entertaining account of Paris. It is decorated with many colour-prints, and it will create as well as evoke pleasing memories of a city which is always adorable.



WHERE LAFONTAINE AND FLORIAN FABLES ARE REPRESENTED CHIEFLY BY STUFFED BIRDS AND BEASTS! THE NEW "GUIGNOL" THEATRE.

Photograph by Topical.



MORE "INTELLECTUAL" THAN PUNCH AND JUDY! THE "GUIGNOL" OF THE STUFFED ANIMALS, IN THE JARDIN DES PLANTES, PARIS—SHOWING SOME OF THE ACTORS.

M. Philippe Garnier, of the Comédie Française, has introduced to the children of Paris what is described as a show more intellectual than Punch and Judy. This consists of the representation of such fascinating tales as the fables of Lafontaine and Florian by actors who are chiefly stuffed birds and beasts, although figures representing men and women, too, play their parts.

All the actors, animal and human, are made to "speak."—[Photograph by Cosmopolite.]



THE READY REPLY.

FOR SALE.



69975. *France.*

THE TWEENIE: Lor', Cook, what makes your nose so red?

THE COOK: Glowing with pride cos it's never found poking itself into other people's business.

DRAWN BY WILMOT LUNT.





# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

## THE UNEXPLAINED CASE OF JOHN MERROW, C.B.

By WILLIAM FREEMAN.

"FURNISHED rooms, or a house, with the use of a large shed," said the junior partner. He meditated, one finger in the ledger.

"What about the place that overlooks the Common?" I suggested—"the small house with the workshop in the rear. Your board is in the front garden."

He eyed me doubtfully.

"The clerk who took Miss Merrow's instructions put it up on his own responsibility. But the rental's high—five guineas a week—and the position's complicated."

"I've an hour to wait for the next train. One can crowd a good deal of explanation into an hour."

Mr. Imber—the firm was Matterby and Imber—smiled stiffly. He led the way to an inner room.

"Do you want the whole story?"

"No less!"

He leaned forward.

"Have you ever heard of Merrow—John Merrow, C.B., the inventor?"

"You mean the man who improved on the periscope?"

"I do. If it wasn't for the expense of his experiments, and his carelessness in money matters, he'd be an extremely rich man. He had an abnormally keen intelligence, capable of still more abnormal concentration. He made no friends, and, except for his daughter and a housekeeper, he worked and lived alone. The place is as he left it."

"Is the man dead, then?"

"We've no proof. The only thing we're sure about is his disappearance. On the evening of June 17 last—a stormy night, with a terrific wind—the housekeeper, Mrs. Lister, called him to supper. A little later they heard the door of the workshop bang violently, as though the gale had caught it. As Merrow didn't come, the daughter went to fetch him. The door had jammed so tightly that she couldn't open it, and the place was empty and in darkness. Since then, nothing whatever has been heard of the man."

"And the house?"

"The place has remained as he left it. The daughter is doing research work in the British Museum. The property is freehold, but it's too far from town for her to occupy. The door of the workshop itself hasn't been opened more than once or twice."

"I am by way of being an inventor myself. I could give Miss Merrow a definite promise that nothing would be tampered with."

The junior partner drummed on the table with his finger-tips.

"Wason said much the same."

"Who was Wason?"

"An American who took the place for a month. Interested in a new form of carburetter, I believe. He left on the seventh day, or maybe it was the eighth."

"Why?"

"He didn't explain. But if you'd care to look over Grey Eaves on your own account—"

"Thanks," I said, and took the keys he offered me and went out into the sunny little High Street again.

I went up a weed-grown avenue to the front door. The house, I found, was small—scarcely more than a cottage. I wandered from room to room, and finally out through the French windows of a parlour in the rear, and by a covered pathway to the door of the workshop. It appeared to have jammed almost immovably, but through the dusty glass panels I could distinguish bottles of chemicals, a row of dingy volumes, and one or two half-finished models designed for heaven-knows-what purpose. An illogical hankering for the place possessed me. It was smaller than I wanted, yet I remember that I turned and hurried back to Imber's office obsessed with the fear that someone might have taken the house in my absence.

The door of the office was ajar. A tall girl in grey was standing by the counter. Imber looked up and caught my eye.

"Here is the gentleman, Mr.—Mr.—?"

"Cavan," I said.

"And this is the young lady herself. She came down to inquire if we'd been able to do anything with the property."

The girl shot an inquiring, anxious glance at me. She looked very young and fragile.

"I have been telling Mr. Imber that we—I would willingly accept three guineas a week, rather than—"

"And I," I said, "was about to tell Mr. Imber that I should be entirely willing to pay five, provided he can draw up a simple form of agreement at once."

"For a month?" Imber asked.

"For six months."

The girl's relief was good to see. She was, in fact, ridiculously grateful. The money, I gathered, would make it possible for her to lodge in the village and journey to town every day.

"When would you be moving in?" Imber asked, when the question of references had been dealt with.

"By the end of the week, if you can get me some sort of assistance."

As it happened, he could. Mrs. Lister, who had been housekeeper to old Merrow, was disengaged, and entirely reliable. When I returned to town that evening, nothing remained but to take possession of Grey Eaves at my own convenience.

I moved in on the following Saturday, but it was three days before I entered the workshop. All Merrow's apparatus was at the further end. There would be no necessity to move them. It was odd that so simple a thing as forcing open the glazed door should have weighed upon me as it did—odd, because one could survey the whole dusty and commonplace interior. There was nothing there to stir one to horror, or even to excitement. Yet I remember keenly the effort involved in crossing the flagged pathway and taking my first grip of the handle.

I dragged the door open and stepped in. It shut behind me instantly. The air was close and heavy, tainted with a faint odour of chemicals. I walked to the skylight at the farther end, and there stopped abruptly, with one hand on the ventilating-cord. The whole atmosphere about me seemed in motion. It quivered, it leapt against me, it surged in my ears and nostrils with the insistence of some vindictive personality. The thing was utterly beyond description, but it held me in a cold sweat of horror. I had a blurred impression of the wide, serene sweep of the sky above me. Outside, two sparrows twittered and scuffled on a laurel-bush. Save for them, the silence was absolute. The sky darkened. A strange numbness crept over my brain, and gave place to a deadly, enfeebling weariness. I took a faltering step backwards, came into contact with a revolving chair, and sank into it. . . .

A clock somewhere in the village boomed eight. I had been in the workshop an hour.

I got on my feet, reeled to the door, and burst it open. A keen, clean-scented night air drove into my face as I moved stiffly up the pathway. Mrs. Lister was standing by the French windows of the living-room, staring with puckered eyes into the dusk. She gave a faint cry when she saw me.

"I—I was afraid . . . !" I heard her say, and then I fainted.

I was in a big, shabby wicker-chair, with the sting of neat brandy in my throat, when I caught the next sentence.

" . . . I was here when Mr. Wason left. He, like yourself, went into the workshop. Like you, he—" She left the sentence unfinished. "You'll be leaving at once, of course, Sir?"

"Of course," I echoed dully. A sudden remembrance of Hilda Merrow's face smote me. "The matter needs consideration. I—I must think it over."

A day later I met the girl. She had taken a room at the further end of the village, and already looked less overwrought and fagged.

"You are comfortable at the Grey Eaves?" she asked.

I hedged.

"So much so that my work has made no headway."

She shook her head, entirely unconvinced.

"I am not a child, Mr. Cavan. Tell me the truth."

"The stark truth?"

"The stark truth," she repeated.

"Then—since you will have it—I have never plumbed such depths of restless wretchedness in my life."

(Continued overleaf.)

## WOMAN'S WAYS.



THE LADY: What's the new curate like, John?

JOHN: The queerest figure o' a little man you ever saw. They tells me as 'ow the only wearin' apparel 'e can buy ready-made is his umberelly.

DRAWN BY HARRY LOW.



MRS. MCTAVISH (*enticingly*): Come awa' over tae this side, Donal', an' get tae yer bed.

DONAL': I'll dae nothin' o' the kind. It's takin' me all ma' time tae stay whaur I am.

DRAWN BY HARRY LOW.



THE CALLER (*wishing to create a good impression*): Oh, yes; we've had several Generals in our family.

THE HOSTESS (*refusing to be impressed*): Yes, so have I; but they never stay more than a month.

DRAWN BY STARR JOHNS.



THE VISITOR: How is Mrs. Jones to-day?

MRS. BROWN: A good bit better, Miss; she's just 'eard as 'ow 'er 'usband in Canada is dead; and she says nothin' does 'er so much good as a nice sorrow.

DRAWN BY STARR JOHNS.

She clasped and unclasped her hands. Her colour came and went. "I was afraid. . . . And yet I had hoped——"

"The workshop," I said, knowing myself for a brute as I said it, "throbs with messages, appeals, the inarticulate outpourings of a personality that fills and dominates the place. It's seeking—God knows what it's seeking, or trying to say. Sometimes I think it escaped with me. I'm never unconscious of it while I am near the house. If it followed me beyond I should be driven to self-murder."

"I guessed . . . a little," she stammered.

For a space we stood facing one another in silence.

"When are you leaving?" she asked wearily, at last.

"That," I said, "will depend upon the date of your father's return."

She scrutinised my face with quick, startled eyes.

"You mean—you think——"

"I'm no student of the Abnormal. I'm more conversant with machinery than with psychology, and I've the vaguest ideas concerning will-power and the body it animates. The only analogy that occurs to me is that of an electrical motor and the power that drives it. I don't know what may happen, and I daren't speculate. But, being cursed with a scientific turn of mind, I shall stay on and see the thing through."

I felt that I was putting it crudely; further, that I was telling her less than the truth. . . . Even to myself it was difficult to admit that the discovery of the perfect rubber-substitute had ceased to count. I wanted to find old Merrow, less because of the ghastly presence that invaded his workshop than because I knew that the girl would not be happy until he was found. And I wanted to make her happy for the utterly selfish reason that from the moment of our first meeting she had appealed to me—that I cared for her with the sublime and reasonless egotism of a man who has never given a second thought to a woman before.

That same evening Mrs. Lister gave notice. Her nerves, she said apologetically, could not stand the strain. The house, especially after dusk, filled her with terrors which no amount of persuasion or common-sense argument could dispel. I did not attempt either. I merely paid her her wages when she left, and said that I was sorry, which was true enough, for she worked faithfully, if slowly. I mentioned that I should regard it as a favour if she would refrain from discussing what had happened.

"If I hold my tongue," she said, with unexpected shrewdness, "I'll ask a promise of you, Sir."

"Yes?"

"I'm too old to be scared silly with fright. But if a younger girl was called upon to endure what I've endured and to face what I've faced——"

"Do you mean that you want me to promise to engage no one else until a normal state of things is restored here?"

"I mean just that, Sir."

"So be it, then," I said, and saw her out by the front gate, and went back into the house reflecting that a bachelor needs no more than a couple of rooms if his wants are simple, as mine were.

A week passed before I went near the door of the workshop again. The sense of the proximity of a dumb and exasperated personality grew steadily. Did the fact that I was alone make any difference? The point wasn't worth debating. While daylight lasted I was able to thrust the thing to the back of my consciousness. I worked hard, reading volume after volume of sane, scientific stuff, to clarify my brain and keep me anchored to the tangibilities of existence. I went long, not always aimless walks. Frequently I met Miss Merrow. We discussed endless subjects in the jumpy, self-conscious way of people stumbling, eagerly yet slowly, towards deeper intimacies, and who yet are fearful of one another and of themselves. But the workshop lay always beyond the range of our discussions. And then I would stride back to the house through the cool, scented twilight, exultant in the tremulous significance of our parting hand-clasp, and let myself into the dingy little hall, and thence pass into the sitting-room. No one had been there—could have been there—since I left it. Yet the place always seemed thrilling and vibrating with a feverish, protesting Something which dogged me from room to room, and finally lingered at my bedside when I retreated before it. I have looked many greater terrors, and Death itself, fairly in the face many times. I feared none of them as I feared and loathed this.

In the end it triumphed. I opened the workshop door again.

For three nights before I had had no sleep at all. On the evening of the fourth day I flung myself on the horse-hair couch in the sitting-room, and drifted into the borderland between exhausted wakefulness and dreams. I awoke, stiff and cramped, to find that the fire had died down and the grate was filled with grey ash. I had left an oil-lamp burning steadily on the table. Now the flame was rising and falling with a strange rhythmical motion, though the air was still. By the light I saw that I had slept nearly two hours, and that it was a little after nine.

I struggled to my feet. Except for the ticking of the clock, the place was in dead silence. Yet the presence was there—I knew it, felt it. I gripped the lamp in a sudden access of terror and fury.

"By God, I'll end it!" I said, and crossed to the window. The key of the workshop was in my pocket. I went down the covered way to the door, opened and flung it back, and kept it steady with a fractured crank which I took from a pile of débris in the corner. I knew as I did it that I had no definite plan of action.

I had been holding the lamp in my left hand. As I advanced it went out suddenly, without smoking, but leaving a thin line of red along the edge of the wick. Something struggled and leapt about me, thrusting, as it were, against the veil of my own personality. If the veil were pierced, I knew that I should go mad with the horror of that contact. . . . I brushed against a table. It fell sideways on to a crate of dusty bottles. I stood still, the useless lamp in my hand. I tried to keep my brain cool and clear and steady; but a man who has had no sleep for three nights finds self-command a matter of difficulty.

The Thing recoiled and leapt past me towards the door. The fear that it would escape to wreak nameless terrors elsewhere overcame my horror at its presence. I made no analysis of my reasons, but I know that my chief anxiety at the moment was for Hilda. I blundered down the garden, and, still in pursuit, climbed the rocky and took a flying leap into the narrow lane on the further side. From there, after a mad run of some fifty yards, we swung to the left, then to the right, then to the left again, and at last into the narrow track which straggles over the hill until it broadens into a road on the further side.

We went on. I slackened pace. That which was ahead of me slackened pace also. As we climbed the hill-side under a multitude of stars a voice called suddenly through the darkness. It was Hilda, on her way home after a long ramble.

"Is that you, Mr. Cavan? But why——"

I stopped, gesticulating and shouting hoarsely, "Don't come near. Don't ask me to explain. Keep away—keep away!"

Without hesitation she ran towards me.

"You must let me go with you. . . . Ah, but I've dreamed of this a hundred times! I understand. Do you hear? I understand!"

I nodded, and said no more. The impalpable horror before us was moving on again. We followed, together. There was no one about us to witness that mad journey. Neither of us spoke again until it was drawing to a close. The nearly full moon pushed clear of a bank of cloud.

"See!" I panted, pointing.

"I told you that I understood," she repeated.

Walking, sometimes running, and once resting laxly against a stile we were too breathless to climb, we followed, and presently reached Brantham, which gives its name to a single row of cottages that seem to have straggled away from their fellows and lost themselves in a furrow in the hill-slope. The inhabitants, almost without exception, are employed on the big estates near. They are widely scattered each day, and hold little communion with the outside world, or, for that matter, with one another.

Just beyond the shadow cast by the nearest cottage a figure was standing—a grey-haired, bearded giant of a man. A woman appeared in the doorway, calling—

"Jake! Fey Jake, come in! Dost think that we can wait on thy mad fancies all night? Isn't it enough that we should find, an' feed, an' shelter ye?"

If he heard her, he made no sign, but still stood staring blankly across at the belt of trees beyond. His attitude was one of passive, patient waiting—of life so stagnant that it was scarcely life at all. Abruptly the girl and I halted, side by side. The thing before us swept onward with a thin, indrawn shriek that froze our blood. And the old man, with an answering, exultant cry, flung up his arms, stood rigid for an instant, and then pitched forward, the moonlight full upon his face.

"Father!" cried the girl.

We ran to his side.

We brought him back with us to Grey Eaves as the dawn was breaking. For six months afterwards he lived, long enough to complete the patent upon which his fame rests to this day, and which made his daughter a rich woman. We were married the week before he died, confident that the Fates destined us for one another. We believe it still, and life has few more comforting convictions to offer.

Old Merrow never discussed the past. His brain had no cognisance of it. He was conscious of no gap between his going and his returning, though the village made a nine-days wonder of it.

As I have said before, I am no psychologist. But did that concentrated intelligence of his acquire, as it were, a strength which gave it power of detachment from the frail old body? And did the sudden and violent slamming of the door as he opened it to leave the workshop, and the consequent jarring of the nervous system, sever that connection, leaving the man to blunder blindly away in the darkness and rain, to spend his days, witless and forgetting, among those simple folk, while the Intelligence, passionately seeking human habitation, clamoured in search of him?

I do not know. We live, untroubled, at Grey Eaves, content to let such as care to deal with the problem answer it as best they may.

THE END.





# ON THE LINKS



## THE HIGHER GOLF: REMINISCENCES OF CHAMPIONSHIPS AT ST. ANDREWS

### The Amateur Championship.

These are among the tensest moments of the golfing year in what we may call the higher golf, for this week another Amateur Championship is being fought out, and on Friday a new champion will be raised to the high estate of gold medallist. He may be an old champion, too, for the fates which attend the great event seem to be rather conservative in their selections and do not frequently add new names to the list. Every man who has won the championship in the last four years had won it before; and the great Mr. Ball, who is still the reigning champion, and will be till Friday (and may be after that, indeed!) has had the happiness of winning eight times. It is a sensation that has no novelties for him now, and he finds it easier to win championships than it used to be at the beginning of his time, and that is chiefly because he is not afraid of losing, and cares very little what happens so long as he has a pleasant game, and the harder the better. It is just that very fact that makes people still more afraid of meeting him in the championship than anyone else. And he it was who won the last time the great event was played at St. Andrews six years ago, and never shall any of us who watched him do the winning, with Mr. Charles Palmer as his last obstacle, forget that awful day on the links when the wind blew its very Fifeshire best and the rain came down in torrents. It was the most shocking day of a final that is remembered, and there have been some bad ones. However, no more of the great Hoylake player, for there is nothing in the nature of prophecy in these notes, which will be read when the tournament is half-way

through. Only six Amateur Championships have there been at St. Andrews before this one, and it is a singular fact that no St. Andrews man has ever won one at the great headquarters of the game. At the beginning of this present meeting the good people of the city were very fondly and hopefully considering the prospects of Mr. Edward Blackwell, who has been playing well, and a victory by him, if it could be brought about, would be one of the most popular things conceivable, not merely in St. Andrews, but in the whole world of golf—English, Scottish, and foreign, for "Ted" is a great player and deserves the highest reward for his skill and great golfing sportsmanship.

### The Early Champions.

Three times has the championship at St. Andrews been won by Scots, and three times by English players. The very first Amateur Championship that ever took place was held on the old course here, and Mr. Horace Hutchinson came out the winner, having an easy victory in the final over the late Mr. Henry Lamb, a great golfer in many respects, and one with strong peculiarities of style. He was generally

given credit for having invented the bulger face to wooden clubs, which, after dying out, has recently come strongly into vogue again. Mr. Lamb, when playing his tee shots, would reach far out before him in his back-swing, and would then draw the ball across so that it went away on the pull side and looked, indeed, as if it might have been pulled, though

it was hit straight enough. For this peculiarity and its effect on direction he made allowance in his stance, facing far round to the right and making it appear to those who did not understand his ways that he was about to drive in the wrong direction. The next two championships at St. Andrews were both won by Mr. Laidlay, and many of the golf records are wrong about the result of the second of them, for two tie holes had to be played before Mr. Laidlay beat Mr. Hilton, and, though finals consisted of only one round in those days, this finish for its extra holes corresponded with that at Westward Ho! last year. Mr. Hilton was three down with five to play, but squared with a fine three at the home hole; the nineteenth was a very eventful half, the Englishman having to play a risky second from a divot mark. At the next hole, however, he played for safety with his second, thinking his opponent was bunkered. Mr. Laidlay was not really bunkered, and Mr. Hilton did not get his safety, and that was the end of it.

### The Nineteenth Again.

The next time there was a championship there the nineteenth hole had to be played again in the final, and whereas Mr. Ball found the Swilcan with his approach and Mr. Balfour Melville did not, the Hoylake player lost that championship. At the next championship at St. Andrews, Mr. Hilton beat Mr. John Low at the home hole, and that also was a great finish, for the Englishman had once been five up, but the match was square with two to go. At the famous seventeenth, Mr. Hilton played a long shot to the green from the left, which has often been said to have been the finest shot ever played in a final. It helped him to become dormy one, and he won the last hole easily. And everybody remembers how Mr. Ball won the championship at St. Andrews the last time it was played there, when he beat Mr. Charles Palmer on a day which for its weather (already alluded to above), but for its weather only, is best forgotten. So golfers of great reputation have always been in the final at St. Andrews. Mr. Palmer's fine play last time was the first hint of a possible recognition of new blood. What has this meeting in store for us?

HENRY LEACH.



THE WINNER OF THE BAR GOLF TOURNAMENT:  
MR. D. M. SMITH.

Mr. D. M. Smith (plus 1) beat Mr. L. S. Davies (7) in the final at Rye by 2 up, after a hard match.

Photograph by L.N.A.



THE WINNER OF THE ST. GEORGE'S GOLD CUP:  
MR. H. D. GILLIES (WOKING).

The twenty-sixth contest for the St. George's Gold Cup took place on the Royal St. George's Links, Sandwich, the other day. Five winners of the trophy took part, but the competition brought out a new winner, Mr. H. D. Gillies, of Woking, who returned 76 in the first round, and 77 in the second round. His nearest opponent was Mr. R. Harris, of Acton, who returned 74 and 81.

Photograph by Sport and General.



PAVLOVA REVISITED : A DISROBING ACT : AN EARLY TURN.

ME. ANNA PAVLOVA has completely revised her programme at the Palace, and she has been well advised in doing so. The public dearly loves its Pavlova, but it does not abandon its prerogative of liking some things better than others, and, above all, it wants to see its Pavlova dance. On her reappearance she produced certain novelties, including Liszt's "Les Préludes," which, though eminently satisfactory from a musical standpoint, did not afford her such opportunities for dancing as satisfied her devotees. She has now changed all that and allows us to see her at her very best. She has chosen from her comprehensive repertoire those dances which have so firmly established her in our affections, and "A Peeress" who assails the "Turkey Trot" and the "Tango" in the *Times* may assuage her grief by watching Pavlova's exquisite art in "Le Cygne," "Papillon," the Pizzicato from "Mignon," and the now famous "L'Automne Bacchanalé," by Glazounov. In these her ladyship may see all that is delicate and graceful, and, at the same time all that is dramatic. The picture of the dying swan is quite perfect in the purity of its pathos, while the butterfly itself can hardly rival the lightness and delicacy which Pavlova displays. The Spanish trio which has been danced recently has been superseded by a Pas de Trois by Drigo, which is a great improvement, and, in addition to the numbers named, the lady gives a delicious interpretation of "Variations" by Chopin. As it now stands the programme is unimpeachable from an artistic

point of view, and the execution of it is flawless. Pavlova has brought together the best company with which she has yet favoured us. Liszt's Rhapsodie Hongroise is given with a finer spirit than hitherto, and Mlle. Plaskowiczka and M. Kobelew dance Paderewski's Minuet in a style which should wipe out from the mind of "A Peeress" all unpleasant memories of the ungainly "Bunny Hug." The enthusiasm with which Pavlova is greeted gives conclusive and welcome proof that the hideousnesses we have imported from America have not wholly debauched the public taste, and that we can still appreciate grace and beauty when we see it.

Perfectly  
Harmless.

Being,  
after  
all, an

ordinary human person, I could not help being attracted by a large poster outside the Pavilion which proclaimed that inside that establishment was to be seen Mlle. Janette Denarber "in her notorious disrobing act." One is accustomed by this time to performers who describe



AS THE YOUTH WHOSE KNOWLEDGE IS NOW GUIDED BY SUZANNE: MR. LAWRENCE GROSSMITH AS HUBERT IN "THE GIRL IN THE TAXI," AT THE LYRIC.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

themselves as famous, celebrated, or renowned, but "notorious" was something quite new, and possessed irresistible attractions. The notoriety claimed is based upon the fact that the turn has been the subject of litigation from which it did not emerge altogether triumphant, and the entrance of Mlle. Janette Denarber is preluded by the lowering of a curtain on which the question,

"Is it immodest?" is boldly propounded, together with the confident statement that if the jury could only see what is about to happen they would assuredly find a verdict in its favour. When this interesting proclamation is removed Made-moiselle makes her appearance and turns out to be a French singer of a type with which we are perfectly acquainted. She sings the ordinary songs with the ordinary voice and in the ordinary way, the "notorious" feature of the performance being that between ditties the singer retires behind a screen and changes her costume with the assistance of her dresser, the picture of the two being silhouetted on to the curtain. I have seen many "disrobing" acts, and it is not so very long since Mlle Gaby Deslys was divesting herself of her garments at the Palace, but never have I seen any show of the kind that was so uncompromisingly innocuous. Why all this fuss should be made over a turn which presents no unusual aspects is beyond my modest comprehension, and I must confess to having come away with feelings of the most dismal disappointment. I cannot help thinking that when one goes to a music-hall expecting to be shocked, one has some sort of right to be shocked just a little bit.



THE NEW YOUNG DOG IN "THE GIRL IN THE TAXI": MR. LAWRENCE GROSSMITH AS HUBERT, AT THE LYRIC.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

A New Farce. The really earnest student of the halls does not omit to keep an eye upon the early turns.

He knows the existent "stars" almost by heart, but those who are to scintillate in the days to come have to work their way up and must start their twinkling in the early part of the evening. Thus it came about that I was drawn to the Tivoli the other evening almost at the beginning of the proceedings, for I saw that Mr. Yorke Stephens was to present a light comedy by Mr. Edgar Jepson, entitled "Compromised." Being a great admirer of Mr. Jepson's stories—of "Pollyooly" in particular—I felt this was an occasion not to be missed, but I am sorry to say that all my fond hopes were not realised. The sketch treats of a subject of which the *habitué* is becoming a little wearied—the midnight burglar. In this case he is a young gentleman who is burgling to win a bet, and breaks into the house of a lady with whom he is in love. Every effort is made to provoke laughter. A lady's maid is locked in a cupboard and a comic policeman is assaulted and locked in with her, and, it having been decided that the lady and her attendant have both become compromised, it is arranged that two marriages shall take place. There are certain indications that the piece has been rather knocked about in the course of rehearsal, and I am confident that if Mr. Edgar Jepson is left to his own devices he will before long give us something really good.

ROVER.





# THE WHEEL AND THE WING

A QUESTION OF OPTICS: THE U.S. TARIFF WALL: RUDGE RUMOURS: BENZOL AT BROOKLANDS.

## Proper Position for Head-Lights.

How seldom one sees a car at night on which the head-lights are correctly adjusted. Expensive lamps, with carefully designed reflectors and most accurately ground lenses, up-to-date generators, and electric-light equipments, are purchased, and subsequently mounted on the car in haphazard fashion by a chauffeur who knows as much about the optics of the matter as a chimpanzee, and cares less. To



WHERE THERE'S A WHEEL THERE'S A WAY: THE GOVERNOR OF BENGAL GOES SHOOTING WITH THE MAHARAJAH OF COOCH BEHAR.

The car, which is on its way to the shooting-jungle, is being conveyed across a river on a wicker platform set across two boats fastened together. The expedition was arranged by the Maharajah of Cooch Behar for Lord Carmichael, Governor of Bengal.

get the best results from a pair of head-lamps, they should be set on their brackets so that the centre lines of the reflectors are parallel, but so placed in regard to the vertical plane that the concentrated beam strikes the surface of the road a few feet nearer the car than the point at which the driver looks upon the road from his driving-seat. This means that the vertical pose of the lamps will differ for many drivers, and the exact position is difficult to obtain. At present there are no brackets which permit minute adjustment of forward or backward rake; approach to the perfect position can only be obtained by the strenuous method of bending the forks. The vertical plane of the glasses of the lamps should be identical, and this can be attained by careful placing of the brackets.

## The War into the Enemy's Country.

The only way for British manufacturers to compete in countries like the United States, whose home industries are most admirably protected by an impregnable tariff wall from attack from without, is to carry the fight into the enemy's country, as the Dunlop people are about to do in connection with the Dunlop detachable wheel. The Dunlop Wire-Wheel Corporation of America has been formed for this purpose, and has found support at the hands of an influential group of American business men. The institution of this concern is sure to lead to the adoption of the wire-spoked detachable wheel, which for some unaccountable reason has hitherto been quite neglected on the other side of the Atlantic. Although it has been so short a time upon the market, the Dunlop wire wheel has already gained world-wide popularity, and is now obtainable in all European motoring countries. The Americans will not be long in adopting a wheel which is in every way more suitable to a motor-car than the

wooden-spoked variety, which is the last legacy to motoring of the old horse-drawn carriage. No matter how up to date an American car may be, its wooden wheels must give it a more or less antediluvian appearance.

## No Price-Cutting at Rudge's.

Messrs. Rudge - Whitworth, Ltd., are, for reasons best known to those responsible, continually made the subject of all sorts of rumours and gossip concerning their wide and very extensive business. As a general rule, these fabrications of Rumour's lying tongue are so fantastic and absurd as to be quite negligible. But the report lately current, to the effect that this company are about to effect a general reduction in the prices of Rudge motor-bicycles, is so serious and so likely to produce trouble and misunderstanding that the company ask for the publicity of a total denial. Curiously enough, they were forced to the denial of a similar canard about the same time last year. As a matter of fact, the 1913 prices of Rudge motor-cycles are as follows: 500 cc. Rudge Multi, £60; 500 cc. Rudge clutch model, £55; 500 cc. Rudge fixed engine, £48.15s.; and extra for 750 cc., any model, £10. Cheapness has nothing to do with the Rudge-Whitworth motor-cycle policy. In the effort to produce the most perfect motor-bicycle that experience and research can devise, cost is not considered. Efficiency and reliability are regarded above price and this the Rudge-Whitworth folk have proved to the hilt in many a hard-fought field.

## A Big Burst on Benzol.

Some few days ago, Mr. Louis Coatalen's 15.9-h.p. Sunbeam was sent in quest of records in the Brooklands Cubic Capacity, Class C. As a rule, an attempt of this kind would not attract much attention, for cars are always being started on record-hunting expeditions of that sort, but the present occasion was particularly memorable for the fact that it was the first time that benzol, a home-grown fuel, had been used for competition purposes on the great track. The car itself was none other than the famous one which Dario Resta drove so pluckily into second place in last year's Coupe de l'Auto, and third place in the Grand Prix itself. It was the very same engine, save that a new crank-shaft, giving a shortened stroke of 120 mm., had been fitted. In the flying half-mile, the distance was covered in 20.7 seconds (86.96 miles per hour)—the previous best being 23.81 seconds (75.6 miles per hour). In the ten-laps



LIKE A FLOATING TORPEDO: AN AMERICAN FREAK MOTOR-BOAT EXPECTED TO BREAK ALL THE RECORDS.

The "Daddie De," the latest thing in freak motor-boats, hails from Philadelphia.

Photograph by Richter.

record, standing-start, Coatalen at the wheel, 20 min. 6.57 sec. was encompassed. This again was better than the previous best. Curiously, these cannot be as yet regarded as Brooklands records *de rigueur*, as at the moment the regulations permit the use of petrol only.

[Continued on a later page.]



THE King's attention to detail is leaving its mark in a hundred matters that are all the more interesting because they are obscure. History that is made on the quiet is the only history really worth reading, and his Majesty's smaller enterprises will probably be remembered when everybody has forgotten what the Mayors of Bow or Potsdam said to him in greeting and what his Majesty was graciously pleased to reply. As a motorist—and not only as a motorist—the King is intensely interested in the King's highways, and has caused to be set up near Wolferton a sign-post that is intended to do something more than point the way. The King would like to see the roads more generously provided, not with the cheapest sort of scarecrow contrivance, but with decently designed and executed guides to the traveller. His Majesty's sign-post is an admirable example of what such a thing should be, but if it does nothing to revive the art of the cross-roads, it will have failed of its principal purpose.

#### His Majesty's Purchase.

The King is too young to stand for a typical antiquary, but his Majesty's care for the past is familiar to everybody connected with the royal collections, and, at the moment, particularly to the staff of the London Museum. Not only has its future at Stafford House had his blessing (without which it would have had no chance of creeping up so near to St. James's Palace), but he is directly interested in new acquisitions, and the sale-room. Only the other day, he was the power behind the

with every appearance of taking his correspondent into his confidence, he ended with the statement, "To-morrow I go to stay in the West." The Playboy of the Western World himself could not have found a phrase more poetically inexact. The explanation is that Mr. Birrell has no passion for the company of private detectives, and still less for headstrong Suffragettes. He would be free of neither if he did not keep his secret well.

#### Match-Making, the Home Industry.

A journey round the world used to be the common prescription for youth suffering from rash matrimonial intentions; the rumour of the engagement would be followed by the authoritative announcement of forgetful travel. In Lord Edward Fitzgerald's case the order is reversed: the tour is followed by the rumour, which he now denies. Lord Edward and his brothers are naturally much in the eye of the world that counts its matches before they are made. The Duke of Leinster, Lord Edward's eldest brother, is only twenty-six; Lord Desmond Fitzgerald, heir-presumptive to the Dukedom, twenty-five; and Lord Edward, second heir, twenty-one. The Duke, whose delicate health made many inroads on his time at Eton,

and kept him from going up to Balliol, as he had hoped to do, spends much of the year at Carton; but Lord Desmond and Lord Edward both went into the Irish Guards—and the great world.

#### Lord Blyth, the Pillar-Boxer.

The engagement of Miss Vera Atherly and Lieutenant Arthur Henniker Heaton is of interest to the Navy and a nation of letter-writers. Mr. Henniker Heaton's



TO MARRY MR. FREDERICK M. H. PILKINGTON: MISS BERTHA BRYAN.

Miss Bryan is well known as a follower of the Wexford. Mr. Pilkington is the only son of the late Sir William Handcock Pilkington and of Lady Pilkington.—[Photograph by Poole.]



IN THE PARK: LADY GRIZEL HAMILTON AND LADY JEAN COCHRANE.

Lady Grizel Hamilton, who married the Master of Belhaven, only son of Lord Belhaven and Stenton, in 1904, is the eldest daughter of the Earl of Dundonald, and was born in 1880. Lady Jean Cochrane, who was born in 1887, is her sister. Lady Marjorie Cochrane, her other sister, was born in 1889.

Photograph by Topical.

bidder at an auction; and, incidentally, he solved one of the problems of the royal post-bag. Important letters of the late King to George V. were being offered; and to buy them for the London Museum, a plan which his Majesty forthwith adopted, was the only entirely satisfactory way of ensuring them a suitable destination.

#### Birrell-ease.

Mr. Birrell and precision have parted company. He went to Ireland for his holiday without so much as leaving an address, and although he wrote to London from his Dublin quarters



IN THE PARK: LORD LUDLOW AND LADY NEWBOROUGH.

Lord Ludlow, the second Baron, has been on the L.C.C. and Treasurer of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Lady Newborough, whose marriage took place in 1900, was known before that event as Miss Grace Bruce Carr, and is the daughter of the late Colonel Henry Montgomerie Carr.

Photograph by Topical.



IN THE ROW: VISCOUNT CHURCHILL TALKING TO SOME FRIENDS.

Lord Churchill, who is the first Viscount, was born in October 1864. He has held various positions at Court. He was a Page of Honour to Queen Victoria, and a Lord-in-Waiting to her, and later to King Edward VII. In 1900 he was Master of the Buckhounds; in 1902, he was Lord Chamberlain; and at the Coronation of King George he was Master of the Robes. In 1887, he married Lady Verena Maud, daughter of the third Earl of Lonsdale.—[Photograph by Topical.]

Dreadnought may help to keep the peace; but, if he is to believe his father, universal penny-postage will help far more. Sir John Henniker Heaton has not, since his retirement from Westminster, relinquished the cause, and even a family wedding does not mean a day of rest for himself—or the Post Office! Within the last week he and Lord Blyth, who at headquarters is looked upon as almost equally "dangerous," have been putting their heads together for the furtherance of their reform



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

**The Mysterious Garden.**

Yesterday I penetrated, for the first time, into the Mysterious Garden. It was all owing to the spring, apparently, which had appeared in such festal array as to soften the heart of the owner, causing her to open those locked gates through which I had so often peered on my way, up the pine-shadowed lane, to the path up the gorge. In one's dreams one sometimes walks through barred gates, so it was mysterious and uncanny to walk along the grassy path, bordered by a wood of slender birches, wondering what splendours or what simplicities might be displayed at the end. Yet what stood revealed; when the wood ended and the "grounds" began, was neither the one nor the other. It was so subtle that it might have eluded you; it appealed to you with a curious wistfulness. For part of the garden suggested dream-children at play. There were dwarf apple-trees, tricked out in their best pink-and-white finery, and at their feet someone had let trail, negligently, gossamer veils of an intense but tender blue, which, on nearer inspection, proved to be forget-me-nots sown among the grass. And in this pleasance, where the birds were singularly melodious, it would seem as if some roguish baby had planted, defiantly, with fat chuckles, a flaming tulip, blood-red, purple, or rose, here and there, just as the caprice took him. The effect was adorable. Other parts of the Mysterious Garden were splendid with terraces, with gleaming gold-fish, with rock-gardens which aped the Japanese, with rhododendrons and azaleas, but no part of it could compare to the extraordinary charm of the space which the dream-children must have planted.

**The Incomparable Jane.**

If anything could make us earnestly desire to have been born some hundred-and-twenty years ago, it would be the off-chance of having known the incomparable Jane Austen. Until I read her latest official Life, I did not know that she was, at twenty-five, when she began to write her masterpieces, a very pretty girl, devoted to fun, games, and dancing, who was adored by her sailor brothers and her elder sister—a lady who bore, by-the-bye, the intimidating name of Cassandra. Fate was kind when it gave the author of "Pride and Prejudice" the homely English name of Jane. Imagine our first great woman writer being known as Cassandra Austen! But though Jane was what was described in those days as a Quiz, she did not exhibit her turn for humour and irony in drawing-rooms and at dancing-parties, but reserved it all for her much-loved sister and brothers. Thus she describes a visit from the neighbouring Quality: "Lady Elizabeth Hatton and Annamaria called here this morning. Yes, they called, but I do not think I can say anything more about them. They came, and they sat, and they went." Could pages of description convey more clearly the tedium of that visit? Indeed, Jane has always *le mot pour rire*. "I respect Mrs. Chamberlayne," she

declares, "for doing her hair well, but I cannot feel a more tender sentiment." And again she describes some showy swain who has joined their circle: "Mr. B— seems nothing more than a tall young man." She had, it seems, the social sense in an amazing degree, and could "place" people at once with the judgment of an experienced man-about-town. At a Dorsetshire watering-place she encountered "a new, odd-looking man . . . who, must be Irish by his ease, related to the Hon. B.'s, who are the son, and son's wife, of an Irish Viscount, bold, queer-looking people, just fit to be Quality at Lyme." Thackeray would have taken a chapter to convey this impression, but this leaping at essentials is the sign of genius which marks the one-and-only Jane.

**Pomp and Peace.**

Those who think the pomp and circumstance of royal weddings a waste of public money must be near-sighted folk, for, if we are ever to achieve the peace of the world, it will be by having the thrones of Europe occupied by a happy family circle who would regard the clash of armaments as unthinkable. These royal gatherings are occasions when monarchs can exchange confidences in private, and it is not to be supposed that the King, the Emperor, and the Tsar will consume wedding-cake in silence this week, or confine their conversation to the toilettes of the ladies or the excellence of the cigars. It is a familiar fact in everyday life among humbler folk that five minutes' talk will make things clear which fifty letters or telegrams would only render more perplexing and unintelligible. So, when the trumpets blare, the garlands are hung, and the fiddles play in Berlin for the royal nuptials, who knows if some political sanity, some sweet reasonableness may not enter in at the palace portals and help to celebrate the auspicious reconciliation of the Duke of Cumberland and the Kaiser, which has resulted in the marriage of his pretty daughter to the heir to the Duchy of Brunswick? For this was not only a family feud, but a political one, and the whole story goes to prove that Time—and royal weddings—can work wonders.

**Terrors and Tangoes.**

Certain dowagers who are perturbed at the advent of the new dances, such as the Tango and the Boston, which seem to have taken all the capitals of the world by storm, should remember that the now

despised and dowdy waltz was, a hundred years ago, held to be an immoral and pernicious exercise. Indeed, it shocked that strait-laced poet Byron into writing an exceedingly bad poem about it, which attack had, of course, no more effect on its youthful devotees than all the diatribes of to-day on those who dance the Boston. Every age—indeed, every century—has its own dance, which is an expression of its activities and its tendencies. The waltz came in with the Romantic Movement at the beginning of the nineteenth century, and it is inevitable that an age so restless and active as our own should have lively and intricate dances.



A GARDEN-PARTY GOWN.

This is a simple afternoon dress made of white charmeuse satin. The coloured sash is draped low over the hips, and the skirt is looped up at one side with a silk rose. There are lace frills on the sleeves and décolletage, which is cut in a low V-shape in the front.



## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

*The Next Settlement begins on June 11.*

## LEOPOLDINA RAILWAY REPORT.

THE dividend announcement of this railway was distinctly satisfactory, and the detailed Report issued at the end of last week reveals much improved results; while the gross receipts increased by over 23½ per cent. to £1,688,900, the net receipts at £602,269 show an increase of £183,800, which is equal to 44 per cent. This advance has enabled the directors to increase the dividend on the Ordinary shares from 2 per cent. to 4 per cent. and, after paying the increased amount of the Preference dividend, to make extra allocation to reserves to the amount of £45,000. The carry-forward is very slightly lower at £118,000.

More than one-third of the increased receipts were due to the good coffee crop, and there is every likelihood that the coming crop will be appreciably larger; advices from the Company's district and the course of the Coffee Market both confirm this view.

The gross receipts of the line since Jan. 1 show an important advance, amounting to £78,000 over the corresponding figures for 1912. The outlook, therefore, is distinctly hopeful, and we regard both the Preference and Ordinary as promising purchases at their present quotations.

## J. LYONS AND COMPANY.

The accounts of this Company for the year ending March 31 again show a substantial improvement over the previous year's figures. The management is extraordinarily efficient, and the proportion of net profits to gross turnover must make some of the Company's competitors open their eyes. If the concern were smaller we should feel inclined to think that it was simply the genius of one or two men, but this explanation will no longer fit, and it is clear that a thoroughly efficient staff and organisation have been formed.

Gross profits increased from £1,357,500 to £1,450,600, and the "profit to be dealt with" from £321,060 to £339,518. Out of this the directors have had to pay dividends on the increased Preferred Ordinary capital, and a larger sum is allocated to depreciation. The dividend on the Ordinary shares is made up to 42½ per cent., being the same rate as a year ago; while the carry-forward is increased from £64,474 to £90,492; but out of this sum the directors propose to write off the goodwill £39,189, and a further sum of £30,000 in reduction of plant, machinery, etc.

The increased amount available for the Ordinary shareholders, but not divided, represents a further 7 per cent., and the financial position is such that it is not unreasonable to hope that the directors will see their way to increase the distribution twelve months hence.

## NOTES AND NOTIONS.

Optimistic estimates are being made in certain quarters as to the figures of the coming Report of Apollinaris and Johannis, Ltd. We are quite prepared to see an improvement in the profits, and perhaps also in the rate of dividend, but we cannot recommend either the Preference or the Ordinary as an investment until the financial position is very much stronger than at present. The Report is due about the end of June, and we hope then to deal fully with the position. If the shares should rise when the Report appears, the opportunity should be taken to give others a chance of making a profit.

The position of the United Malaysian Rubber Company, as we pointed out at the time of the last Report, cannot be considered a very happy one; but, nevertheless, we believe a purchase at the present price of 2s. would turn out a profitable speculation. Mr. Haas, the managing director, will shortly return from the East, and will then, we understand, issue an interim report, which will put a more favourable complexion on the outlook. There has been a certain amount of quiet buying from inspired quarters during the last few days, and we believe the shares can be safely held for 3s. or 3s. 6d. But they're only a gamble.

A correspondent writing to the *Financial Times* last week drew attention to the Turkish 3½ per cent. Egyptian Tribute Bonds of 1894, which yield about 4½ per cent. at their present price of 83. The bonds are to bearer, and are secured by the sum of £329,250 paid yearly into the Bank of England by the Egyptian Government. At the present time there are £7,227,900 outstanding, and £77,000 will be drawn for redemption at par (plus accrued interest) in July of this year. Similar drawings will take place each year until the whole is redeemed. These bonds are far more attractive than any of the so-called premium bonds.

The arrangement with the Columbian Government having now been completed, the Columbian National Railway Debentures are being converted into 6 per cent. Government Bonds. These are quoted at 88, while the Columbian Government Three per-Cents are quoted at 49½. It is difficult to see why there should be so large

a difference in the two quotations, and it should be a profitable exchange to sell the Three per Cents and buy the new Six per Cents.

Any of our readers who were unfortunate enough to gamble in, and therefore to lose money over, American Marconis would do well to invest a shilling in the *Stockbroker* of May 24, and to communicate with the Editor. To use his own words: "There is more than a sporting chance that they may get their money back. They incur no risk. They need spend no more money than a postage stamp."

When we suggested that British Broken Hills were worth buying at under 40s. a week or two back, we were not very far wrong. They are now quoted at 45s., and the market still talks hopefully of the outlook.

The issue of £1,000,000 Chilian Northern Railway Company 5 per cent. First Mortgage Debentures at 96 is distinctly attractive. The principal and interest of the Debentures is unconditionally guaranteed by the Chilian Government; and the yield offered is about £5 4s. per cent. The price is considerably below the quotation for the existing Debentures, and a premium should be quickly established.

Another new issue which looks distinctly attractive is made by the Anglo-Russian Trust. The offer is of 4½ per cent. Bonds of the Troitzk Railway at 95. As they carry the unconditional guarantee of the Imperial Russian Government both as to principal and interest, the security can be considered unimpeachable.

## ANGLO-AMERICAN DEBENTURE CORPORATION.

It is some time since we drew attention to any investment trust stocks, but in view of the statement made at the recent meeting of this Company, we think the Ordinary stock has considerable attraction at its present quotation of 137.

The capital of the Company consists of £413,100 4½ per cent. Cumulative Preference, and £350,000 Ordinary stock, while there are £568,500 4 per cent. Debentures. Against these sums and the reserves, which amount to £216,500, investments are held to the value of £1,593,300—taking the figures in the balance-sheet; but the chairman stated at the meeting that the market valuation is fully £25,000 more. No detailed list of investments is issued, but the bulk consists of American securities, and nearly £1,000,000 is invested in Bonds and Debentures.

During the financial year just ended the results were very good, interest and dividends totalling £85,987, an increase of about £7700 over the previous period, and the net profit amounted to £71,229. The directors placed £5637 to special reserve, £12,995 to general reserve, and recommend the payment of a further 3½ per cent. on the Ordinary stock, making 7 per cent. for the year.

In 1894 the capital of the Company was written down and a special reserve fund created soon afterwards for the purpose of making good the capital then written down. In 1911 a bonus of 15 per cent. was declared out of reserves and paid in Preference stock to the Ordinary stock-holders, in addition to the 7 per cent. dividend.

At the meeting the other day, the chairman made a very important announcement; he said: "Next year the special reserve account should reach £150,000. . . . And if, as we hope, the position of the Company justifies it, we shall be able to distribute a large portion of this to the Ordinary stock-holders, probably in the same form as we adopted in 1911."

There is every reason to think that the position will enable the directors to carry out this plan, and therefore we look upon the Ordinary stock as a good purchase. The yield is over 5 per cent. on the present rate of distribution.

## HIGH-YIELDING INVESTMENTS.

In the middle of February we published particulars of five or six securities giving a high yield, but we continue to receive so many inquiries for investments yielding 6 per cent., that we propose this week to give short particulars of half-a-dozen stocks and shares offering approximately this return.

As we have often pointed out before, it is ridiculous for anyone to suppose that this rate of interest can be secured without a corresponding increase in the risk run; but the following list is the result of careful consideration and inquiry, and as far as we can ascertain, all are sound—

SECURITY.	PRICE.	APPROXIMATE YIELD.
Salvador 6 per cent. Sterling Bonds - - -	99 -	6 3 6
Argentine National Bank 6 per cent. Mortgage Bonds - - -	88 (par)	6 0 0
Domingo Tomba's Estate 6 per cent. First Debentures - - -	97½ -	6 3 6
Paraguay Central 6 per cent. Prior Lien Debentures - - -	100 -	6 0 0
J. Sears and Co. 7 per cent. Preference Shares	118 -	6 2 6
Aux Classes Laborieuses £5 7 per cent. Cumulative Preference Shares - - -	6 -	5 15 0

[Continued on page 1.]



## THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

**Preliminaries.** At last there are real signs of the coming of the season. The King and Queen, now the Berlin festivities are over, will be eager to lead the way in social doings, and will be out and about and busy among us for some time to come. On Saturday, their Majesties will visit the Naval and Military Tournament, and on that day the Duke of Connaught will open the Imperial Services Exhibition at Earl's Court. Such shadows as threatened to fall on the season are fast



ENGAGED: MR. RANDLE WILLIAM CECIL AND MISS ALICE CUNNINGHAM.

Mr. R. W. Cecil, who was born in 1889, is the eldest son of the Rev. Canon Lord William Gascoyne-Cecil (brother of Lord Salisbury) and Lady Florence Cecil, of Hatfield. Miss Alice Cunningham is the youngest daughter of the Rev. W. L. Cunningham, Vicar of St. Augustine, Tynemouth, North Shields, and Rural Dean of Tynemouth.

Photographs by Swaine.

clearing away, and we have doings of real brilliance and importance to look forward to. Those journalists who have been writing of gay weeks, and many important social engagements, since the beginning of April, have allowed their wishes to be parents to their pens. There have been engagements, but of little or no social importance, and dances and other functions of the fry called small. The real events of the season will be from now onward, as short and very full is the tendency of our up-to-date Society sessions. Caruso and Melba have returned to the Opera House. A Gala night is in prospect; Ranelagh, Hurlingham, and Roehampton are resorts of the brave and fair; and we have had one wonderful Flower Show at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea. The Marchioness of Zetland has given a ball—one worthy of note; the Countess of Dalkeith intends to give one at Montagu House; and I hear of several others at great houses; while at Buckingham Palace there will be two State Balls.

### Smart and Suitable Millinery.

There are no smarter, prettier, or more becoming hats than those to be seen in the Salons of Mrs. Edwards, 7, Hobart Place, Eaton Square. The very latest millinery is there shown in delightful variety. The firm is an old one, as testified by the Royal Arms engraved large on the door-plate, with "1831" beneath; but it is in the van of fashion. I saw there a lovely hat of moss-green silken tulle; the *clou* of it is that right

across the crown, at a sharp angle, is a bow of old bright-blue *moiré* ribbon. There was a dark-blue straw hat, small and smart, with a big loose pink rose jauntily placed, and a large bow of Nattier-blue ribbon tied transversely across the back, so unmistakably up-to-date that the countriest of cousins would be transformed by wearing it into the towniest of smart ladies. There was a black-rimmed hat, turned slightly back, with one big pink ostrich-feather from back to front; another reversed that position. A medium-sized hat, so becoming as to be picture-like, with a soft blue crown, a brim of black satin, and a large rose at one side, proved vastly becoming and remarkably stylish. There were hats with the brims overlapped with tulle; others ruched with tulle, for this ethereal fabric is in vogue; and there were plain straw hats, and bonnets as smart as the hats, and yet with a dignity



ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT REGINALD BLAKE, MISS ELEANOR OGILVIE GRANT.

Lieutenant Reginald Blake is a son of Colonel A. M. Blake, C.B., of East Close, Hinton Admiral, Hampshire, Deputy Lieutenant and Justice of the Peace for Hertfordshire, and Sheriff of Rutland in 1887.

Photograph by Swaine.

about them, too, which is appreciated by ladies who like to be in the latest fashion, but deplore any unsuitability to their years and position in their millinery. The experience of this firm is invaluable to their clients, who can be sure that they will be turned out smartly,

but always suitably. It can also be said that these desirable hats and bonnets are at all prices, from a guinea upwards; and that head-gear at modest prices is as carefully considered and as well turned out as that costing many guineas. These salons are filled with clients, among whom are some of the smartest women in town, and some of the greatest ladies.

### As a Lily.

The most attractive possession of a pretty woman is a lily-like skin. It is an immense pull for a plain one to have it, and it is within reach of every member of my sex. Nature is always kind to those who assist her efforts, and an assistance particularly acceptable is the use of Beetham's La-rola, a preparation which has become more appreciated the longer it has been known—and that is saying much, for it is far from being a newcomer. "Once used, always used" may well be said of it. After a day on the links, a motor ride, a sun-burning on the river, sea, tennis or croquet lawns, the use of La-rola is a real luxury. It is cooling, soothing, refreshing; one's skin says grace for it almost audibly—certainly sensibly. No one at home or abroad should be without a bottle of Beetham's La-rola, kind Nature's best assistant. There are also tooth-paste, rose-bloom, and soap, samples of which, as well as of La-rola, can be obtained by sending threepence to Dept. S., Beetham and Son, Cheltenham.



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT ALAN F. S. GRANT, R.N.: MISS NORAH FULLER MAITLAND.

Miss Norah Fuller Maitland is the daughter of Captain and Mrs. A. Fuller Maitland.

Photograph by Swaine.

### Always Growing.

Yet another salon has been established by Tecla, with whose charming one at 7, Old Bond Street, all Londoners are delighted. The new salon is for the pleasure of visitors to Karlsbad, and will be found by them at 36, Alte Wiese Esplanade Palace. This is an addition to the beautiful Magasins established by Tecla in London, Paris, Nice, Berlin, Vienna, and Rome. The new establishment has the distinctive white-marble façade so well known to frequenters of the Rue de la Paix, and the interior is of the distinctive delicate grey harmonising with graceful walnut furniture. The beautiful jewels, pearls, sapphires, emeralds, and rubies, in platinum and gold settings of the most recent design,



ENGAGED: MISS KATHLEEN D'ANGIBAU AND MR. HENRY COLLINGWOOD TAYLOR - WHITEHEAD.

Mr. H. C. Taylor-Whitehead holds a commission in the 9th Lancers.

Photographs by Swaine.

mingled with real diamonds, are thus seen in perfectly refined and fitting surroundings. Smart ladies of all nations have learned keenly to appreciate these most lovely and artistic ornaments, produced in a variety as amazing as is the beauty of each individual piece.

Anything which can impart the first rudiments of learning to the child of tender years in a way which gives the little one pleasure and amusement deserves the attention of every mother and nurse. In this connection the very witty Alphabet Book issued by the proprietors of Wright's Coal Tar Soap is worthy of special mention; it consists of sixteen pages of humorous drawings and verses bearing upon each of the letters of the alphabet, and is beautifully printed in colours. A copy can be obtained free on receipt of a halfpenny stamp for postage by addressing, "Alphabet," Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 44-50, Southwark Street, London, S.E.

If the unifying thought of Mr. B. T. Batsford's new "Fellowship Books" is a little vague, the series will doubtless justify itself by its works, for the books are all by good writers on interesting subjects. The general idea is "the expression of the Human Ideal and Artistic Faith of our own day." The first six volumes, which are very tasteful in format, are: "Friendship," by Clifford Bax; "The Joy of the Theatre," by Gilbert Cannan; "Divine Discontent," by James Guthrie; "The Quest of the Ideal," by Grace Rhys; "Springtime," by C. J. Tait; and "The Country," by Edward Thomas. The general editor is Mrs. Arthur Stratton.

## THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

THE new musical play, "The Marriage Market," at Daly's, has nearly everything in it that is required. The one gap is in the humorous songs, all of which would be the better for a little more point. This will probably be remedied as time passes; at present the production is in all other respects singularly complete. There is a sufficient story with occasional touches of sentiment, all about two ladies who got married to two gentlemen by mistake, and after three acts found that no mistake had been made. There are Miss Sari Petrass and Miss Gertie Millar to play the ladies, the former with some pleasant songs and a graceful waltz; the latter with a delightful hornpipe and abundant opportunities for mischievous sprightliness; there are Mr. Robert Michaelis and Mr. G. P. Huntley to play the gentlemen, and where Mr. Huntley is, there is always laughter; and Mr. W. H. Berry contributes to the evening's amusement a genially comic valet. Miss Gladys Unger has adapted the piece from the original Hungarian of M. Brody and F. Martos; Mr. Victor Jacobi's music is bright and has a number of charming melodies; and as an exhibition of all the latest styles of dress, the play has surely never been surpassed.

At Drury Lane, Mr. Forbes-Robertson has given us his Othello, and thus completed the programme of his farewell season, of which but a few days now remain. That Othello is not in this actor's nature is a fact which has been long recognised; consequently it cannot be said that he is seen at his best in the part. He has no supreme moments which will remain imprinted on the memory: he is thoughtful, interesting, sometimes forceful, but never great. Miss Gertrude Elliott is a sweet and charming Desdemona; and Mr. J. H. Barnes, being not built for a subtle villain, emphasises the genial honesty of Iago, and makes him a very quiet and persuasive fellow.

Miss Horniman's company at the Court Theatre continued their interesting programme with a Lancashire study by Mr. St. John G. Ervine, called "Jane Clegg." It was a well-written domestic tragedy of a faithless husband and an independent and strong-minded wife, and it gave us an ably drawn picture of several well-observed types. Miss Sybil Thorndike played finely, and there was much cleverness in the work of Mr. Bernard Copping and Miss Clare Greet.

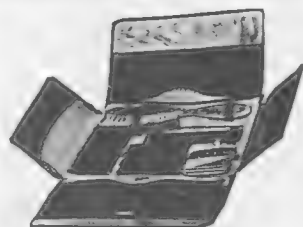
At the same theatre the Play Actors' Society wound up their season with a triple bill, which was notable for one of Mr. Harold Chapin's sympathetic and lifelike studies of Cockney character. His theme was the absurdity of the instinct which will let a child die of starvation and spare no expense in giving it a magnificent

funeral; and he filled his stage with a large collection of London types sketched in with a few words. The acting was excellent, and particularly to be praised were Miss Blanche Stanley, Mr. Perceval Clark, and Mr. Allan Jeayes. There was also another low-life study by Mr. Henry Arncliffe Sennett, which was not so good; and a fairly well-played production of Björnson's curious and interesting little comedy, "The Newly Married Couple."

Another society, "The Pioneer Players," also gave three one-act plays at the Little Theatre. The best of them was Sudermann's "The Last Visit," a really striking and admirably constructed little drama, in which Miss Ruth Bower proved herself an actress of notable force. A not very successful attempt was made to do justice to an Italian dramatist, Salvatore di Giacomo, whose play, "The Month of Mary," was hardly as effective as it might have been; and Mr. Cecil Fisher, in "The Great Day," was very earnest about the hard lot of the overworked clerk, but his achievement hardly came up to his intentions.

One may ask whether the prodigious boom in the Law Courts will enable "Cæsus" to become one of the successes of the season. Certainly in my long experience I can recollect but two or three such splendid "booms." Unfortunately, I can remember scores of plays like "Cæsus," and have no doubt that in the future I shall suffer from many more. A commonplace comedy, clumsily written, with tons of dialogue that is not witty, and a subject with no essential novelty. From an English point of view, there is perhaps a dash of originality, inasmuch as we are asked to pity the sorrows of a poor millionaire who fails to find disinterested love in either the well-to-do widow or the *midinette* to whose respective incomes he contributes in return for favours received. The idea of inviting our tears for his sufferings in these mercenary amours is rather droll! Mr. Arthur Bouchier wrestled bravely with the character of the truly comic Cæsus. The performance as a whole will give our French visitors a poor idea of our English stage.

In "Ivanhoe," at the Lyceum, the Messrs. Melville have laid themselves out to surpass all previous efforts in crowds and colour and noise; and they have succeeded, more particularly in respect of noise. Ivanhoe and his Rowena have something to do with the play; Isaac of York and his Rebecca have more; but what the multitude will go to see and hear will be the greeting of Richard Cœur-de-Lion in Sherwood Forest, the tournament, and the great and glorious storming of Torquilstone Castle. Consequently, there is not much room for acting. Miss Tittell-Bruno is most furiously impassioned as Rebecca, and Mr. Hubert Carter as Isaac in the torture-chamber wrings all hearts; and the aim of everybody else is to be very bluff and very strident indeed.



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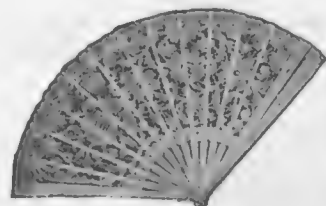


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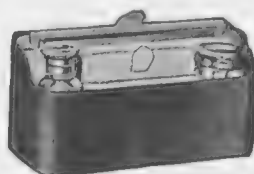
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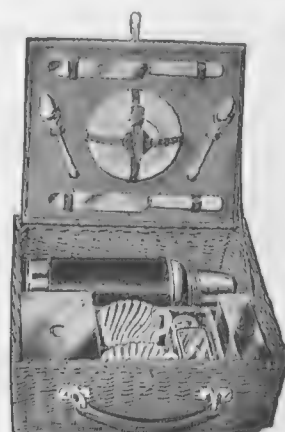
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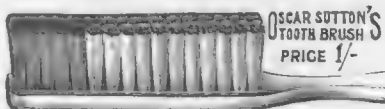
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8oz. Oval Tins	5/-

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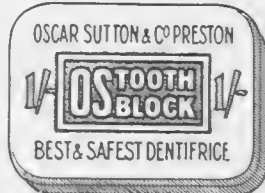
If your tobacconist does not stock it ask him to procure it for you.

These are Facsimilies  
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OSCAR SUTTON'S  
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OSCAR SUTTON & CO PRESTON

TOOTH  
BLOCK

BEST & SAFEST DENTIFRICE

Armed with these weapons you defy the ravages of caries and can preserve your teeth. Both are made with the best skill and materials.

*Refuse cheap substitutes  
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If you have any difficulty in obtaining our goods, we will supply you.

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## Waterman's (Ideal) Fountain Pen



*A great Help, a great  
Convenience and a great  
Economy. Lasts a life-  
time; iridium-tipped gold  
nibs to suit all hands;  
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4 Types—Regular, Safety, Self-Filling, Pump-Filling.

From Stationers and Jewellers everywhere. Booklet from  
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## Table & Bed Linen, Handkf's, etc.

Woven by Hand on our own Looms.

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LOUVET Frères, Proprietors.

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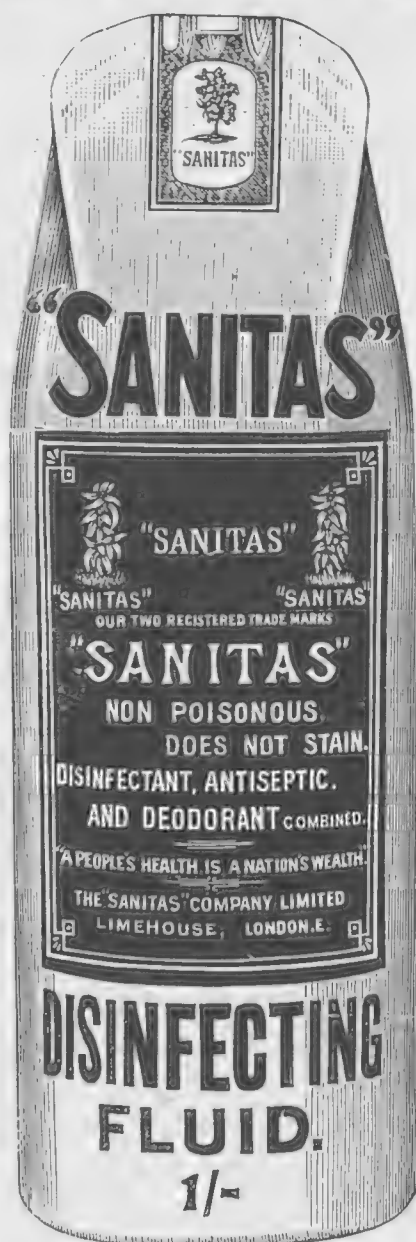


# ***Reasons why you should use***



# ***Disinfecting Fluid***

1. **Because** "SANITAS FLUID" rapidly kills all disease germs and infectious matter by contact.
2. **Because**, in addition to its germicidal properties, "SANITAS FLUID" is the only disinfectant that also oxygenates and thus purifies and vitalises the air.
3. **Because** "SANITAS FLUID" is pleasant, fragrant, is the only natural Disinfectant, and devoid of all objectionable qualities.
4. **Because**, being non - poisonous, there is absolutely no danger of your children and servants being poisoned, even if they drink "SANITAS FLUID."
5. **Because** "SANITAS FLUID" does not stain linen and may be sprayed about rooms and over bed-clothing and sheets without damage.
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7. **Because** you can absolutely avoid infectious sore throat by gargling "SANITAS FLUID" and warm water (1 to 3).
8. **Because** "SANITAS FLUID" adds the most wholesome tone, purity, and fragrance to the bath.
9. **Because**, used as a mouth and tooth wash after meals, "SANITAS FLUID" sweetens the breath, prevents *oral sepsis*, preserves the teeth, and prevents their discoloration.
10. **Because** wounds washed and dressed with "SANITAS FLUID" (1 to 3- Water) always heal rapidly.
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12. **Because**, knowing all these things, the medical faculty at large recommend "SANITAS FLUID" after practical trials extending over a third of a century.

**1s. Pint Bottles, and 5s. Gallon. Sprays, 2s. 6d. each.**

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For Six Persons.  
£4 10 0

## MAPPIN & WEBB

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Canteens obtainable at the Company's establishments contain Cutlery of finest Sheffield steel, with plated spoons and forks of that excellent quality for which the House is famous; manufactured at the Company's Works in Sheffield, the quality and finish are guaranteed.

Table Spoons  
and Forks,  
25/- per doz.



### The "Stanhope" Plate Cabinet.

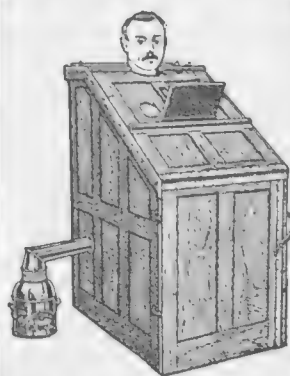
A conveniently fitted, fine quality Plate Cabinet made in Oak or Mahogany of excellent finish, and containing complete equipment for 12 persons. Table and Cheese Knives, Carvers, Ivory Handles; Table Spoons and Forks, Dessert Spoons and Forks, Tea Spoons, Egg Spoons, Fish Knives and Forks and Fish Carvers with Ivory Handles. Pearl Handle Fruit Knives and Forks, etc., etc.

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## THE BEST BATH



No form of bathing accomplishes such perfect cleanliness as the combined **HOT-AIR** and **VAPOUR BATH**. It not only cleanses the outer surface, but also opens the pores, eliminates impure matters, and stimulates a healthful flow of—life's principle—the blood, clears the skin, recuperates the body, quiets the nerves, rests the tired, and creates that delightful feeling of invigorated health and strength. Physicians recommend it for the prevention and cure of Colds, Influenza, Rheumatism, Kidney and Liver Troubles, Skin Diseases, &c.

### PHYSICIANS AGREE THAT "FOOT'S" IS THE BEST CABINET.

It possesses every desirable feature of efficiency, and has several exclusive advantages, including Improved Outside Heat and Vapour Generator, Adjustable Seat, and Heat Regulator, &c.

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"BATH BOOK" No. 13, Post Free.

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This luxurious Easy Chair can be instantly changed into a semi or full length Lounge or Couch. Simply press the button and the back will decline, or automatically rise. Release the button and the back is locked.

The arms are hinged and open outwards, affording easy access and exit. The Leg Rest is adjustable and when not in use slides under the seat.

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The only Chair that combines these conveniences, or that is so easily adjusted.

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Automatic Adjustable Back.

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(Patented.)

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## COAL TAR SOAP

### THE NURSERY SOAP

4d. per Tablet



*Joseph Simpson, R.B.A*

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SIR HENRY RAEBURN

This Picture is the Seventh of a Series of colored Portraits of Famous Scots published by  
JOHN DEWAR & SONS, L<sup>TD</sup>. Scotch Whisky Distillers, Perth & London



I AM proud of my library. It is not a very comprehensive one, but it contains many choice and valuable books. In my bachelor days I had a little three-shelf bookcase. It soon became overcrowded, so that my books were often piled together in a confused heap and some of them were damaged in consequence. Later, I rigged up a few shelves, but the books became so dusty that I decided to buy a larger bookcase. But books accumulate, and almost before I realised it, the new bookcase also became overcrowded. "This time," said I, "I will buy a different kind of bookcase altogether," so I purchased a

## Globe-Wernicke "Elastic" Bookcase.

The Globe-Wernicke "Elastic" Bookcase, I may say, is built on the "Unit" System, and the Units interlock to form a complete bookcase. I have now nine of these book units, and when my book possessions increase I can provide accommodation for them simply by adding one or more Units. As you will see, I have also had a "Desk" Unit fitted in the centre. This is a great convenience for those who like to have books and writing materials at hand.

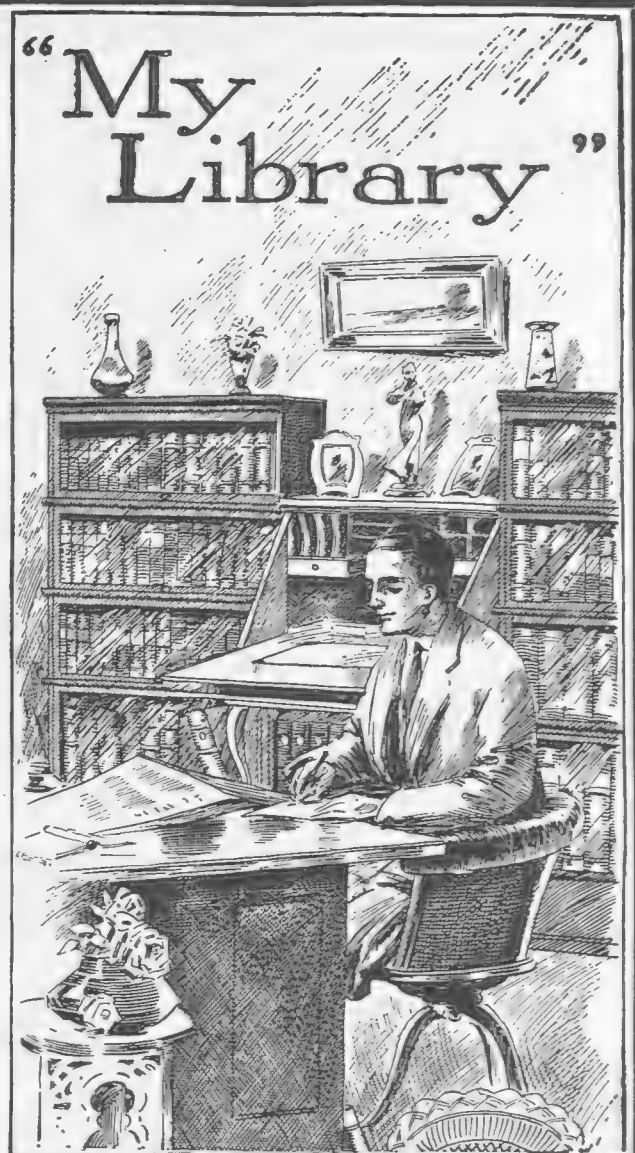
Globe-Wernicke "Elastic" Bookcases have many advantages over the ordinary bookcase. They are described and illustrated in Booklet No. 80 B—a copy of which may be had by anyone on application.

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### The Globe-Wernicke Co.

*Office and Library Furnishers,*

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Jewellers & Silversmiths  
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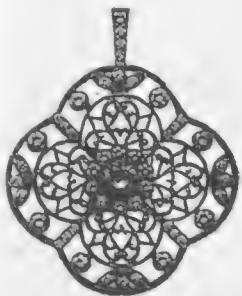
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QUALITY

VALUE



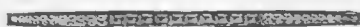
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With Sapphire or Ruby, same price.

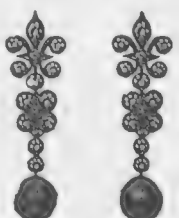


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Crossover Ring with  
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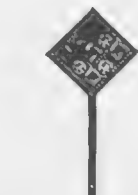


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"Consistent Quality"

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THE DAIMLER CO.'S APPRECIATION.

Bristol,

April 23, 1913.

*Messrs. The Continental Tyre and  
Rubber Co., Ltd., London.*

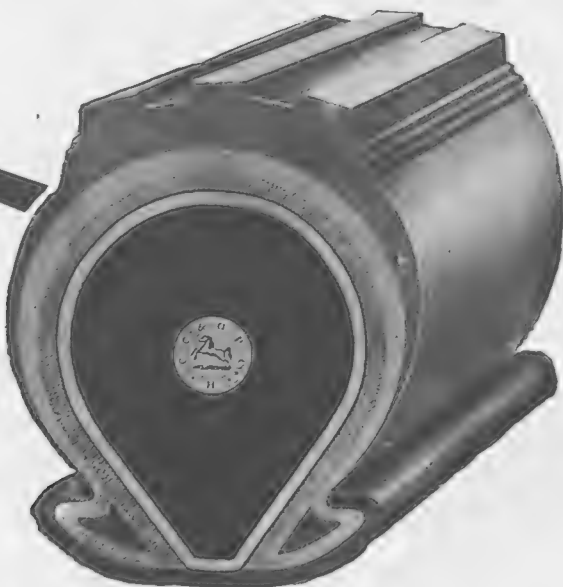
. . . . I have been struck during the past season with the consistent quality of the Continental Tyres that I have been using on two cars. The extraordinary results that one hears of people getting from individual tyres of different makes leave me quite unimpressed in considering the tyre question. The important thing, in my opinion, is to watch whether one gets consistent results from a series of tyres of the same make, and this has been a very marked feature with the "Continental" I have been using.

I wanted also to express my appreciation of the un-failing courtesy and fair treatment that we get from your local agent.

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) For the DAIMLER CO., LTD.

(Philip Young,  
Bristol Manager).



"Continental"

Three-Ribbed for Back Wheels,  
Red-Black Nonskids for Front Wheels  
form

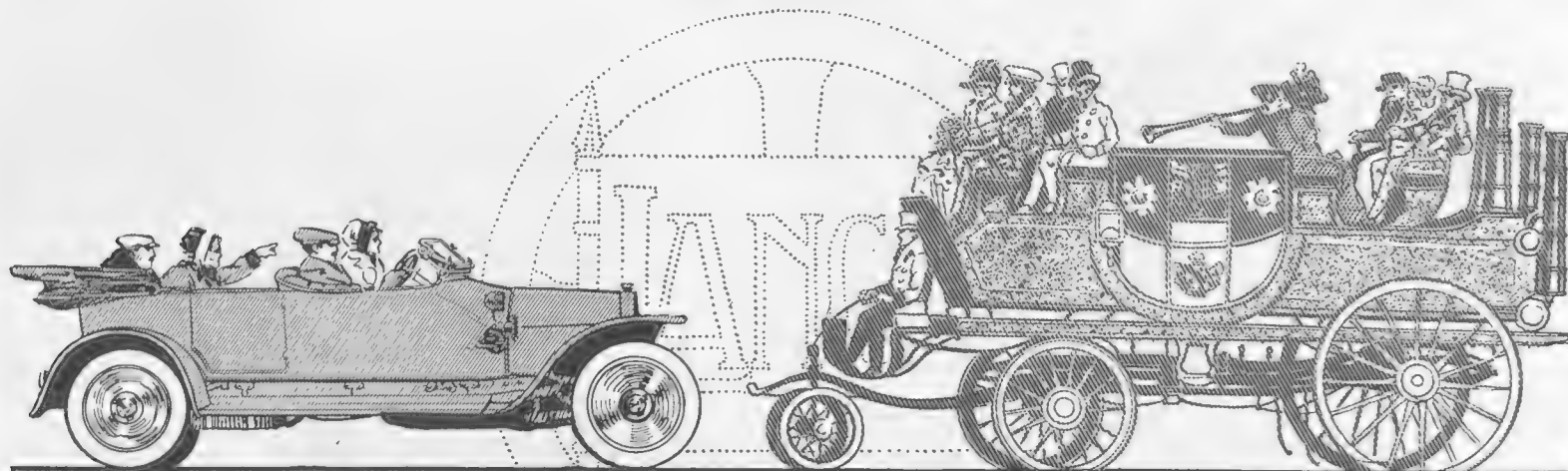
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for List.

Try "Continental" Tennis  
Balls of Perfect Balance!



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Between Gurney's steam carriage of 1827 and the Lancia car of 1913 is practically the whole story of mechanical road transport. In the Lancia of to-day that story culminates, and automobile engineering finds its highest expression—in power, pace, comfort and silent, efficient service. 15 h.p. (direct drive on third and fourth); and 30 h.p. (chassis fully equipped).



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"They're 'FLOR DE DINDIGUL,' my boy.  
"I've smoked them for years and have never known their flavour to vary."

That is a great quality of "FLOR DE DINDIGULS" and the reason of the keen appreciation of Cigar Connoisseurs. "FLOR DE DINDIGULS" are the result of a careful blending of the finest Indian and other choice Foreign tobaccos, and so are largely a product of the British Empire. Refined flavour, delicate fragrance, delightfully cool, and even smoking—these are the qualities of the "FLOR DE DINDIGUL" Cigars which make them the special favourites of discriminating smokers.

FLOR DE DINDIGUL CIGARS, 3d. each (5 for 1/1), 10/3 per box of 50.  
EXTRA, extra choice, 4d. each, 15/- per box of 50.  
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CIGARETTES, all tobacco leaf, no paper, a most gratifying smoke, 1d. each, 8/4 per box of 100.

(As supplied to the House of Lords.)

12 gold medals awarded.  
Of all dealers or post free of the Importer, Bewlay, Tobacconist to the Royal Family, 49, Strand, London. Estd. 133 years.



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Mr. B. C. HUCKS (the well-known Flying Man), of 5, Queen's Gate Terrace, London, S.W., writes:—"I really must express my appreciation of Phosferine. Some time back I felt myself in a curious state of nervous tension, brought on, no doubt, by the severe strain caused by flying under all sorts of weather conditions for the *Daily Mail* tour last summer. I had an idea that my nerves were becoming shaken. I was advised to try Phosferine, and was quite astonished at the beneficial effect produced by even the first few doses. I am now feeling more 'fit' than ever and ready to start upon a season's flying that promises to be considerably more arduous than the last."

No other medicine has received such absolute proof of its extraordinary properties in restoring Shattered Constitutions, and in giving back to the prematurely aged New Life and Energy.

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There is only one Phosferine — beware of illegal imitations—do not be misled by **PHOSPH THIS** or **PHOSPH THAT**, but get

# PHOSFERINE



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The 2/9 size contains nearly four times the 1/1½ size.



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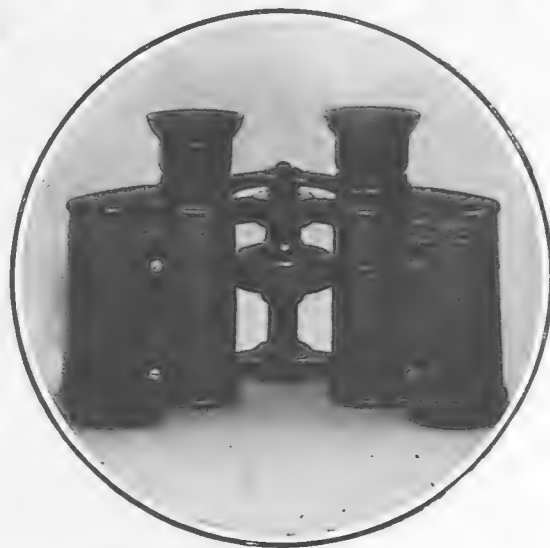
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The large circle illustrates the field of view of a Dollond—the smaller one that of an ordinary Binocular of the same power.



Magnification,  $\times 8 = 64$  times super.  
Price in best case.

Dollond is the  
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Eye-piece focussing,

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(Maxwell's Life of Wellington, p. 140).

The House of Dollond was founded in the reign of King George II., and the traditions of the house have always been regarded and maintained as a trust in perpetuity by the many generations that have followed the founder.

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Dollond Binoculars are still the best the world produces. Each glass embodies the perfection gained by experience of 163 years in fine instrument construction. They are the lightest, handiest, and most efficient.

## THE DOLLOND ARMY FIELD GLASS, £2 2 0

Is without doubt the best value of the kind that has ever been offered to the public. It is a powerful 12-lens Binocular, having a magnification of  $\times 5$  diameters, or about 25 times superficial, and is of the finest construction throughout, both optically and mechanically, being adjusted with the greatest care by the most highly skilled workmen.

The fact that this Binocular is made strictly in accordance with the British War Office Mark V Specification is



sufficient proof of its all-round excellence, which, in fact, cannot be surpassed within reasonable limits of the cost of manufacture in a Binocular of this form.

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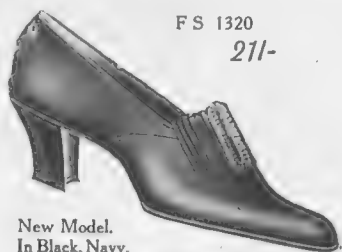
The Pianola Piano is the famous STEINWAY, WEBER, or STECK PIANO with a genuine Pianola within its case. Write for special holiday proposition and Catalogue "N."

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In Black, Navy,  
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Ladies' Black  
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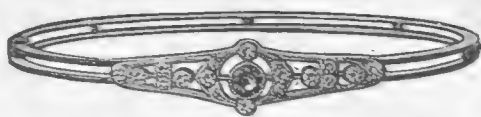


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NEW METALLIC PEN WITH EVERY BOTTLE  
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If Summer has its delights it has also its dangers. What more fatal to the complexion than Freckles, Tan, Sunburn, Redness, Roughness, Pimples, and the thousand disfigurements to those who dedicate their beauty to the sun. Your best protection against smarting, sunburnt freckled face, neck and hands, and the stings of insects, is the famous preparation which gives instant relief, leaving the skin cool, white, soft and velvety —

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## THE WHEEL AND THE WING.

(Continued.)

## Is the American Tide Ebbing?

It is more than gratifying to patriotic souls, and there be any left, to learn that the efforts of the British motor-car manufacturer to provide for the needs and requirements of the man of more than moderate means is apparently exerting an effect upon the volume of American importation. By the Report of the week ending May 17, issued by the Royal Automobile Club, some statistics of considerable interest in this connection are mentioned. Two tables, one a comparison between the exports for February 1912, and those of February 1913, and the other for the eight months ending with the two months already mentioned, are given by one of the leading automobile journals of America. From these figures it would appear that the American tide of automobiles setting upon these shores has begun to ebb. In both number and value the cars sent over from the States between July and February last showed a decided falling-off, as compared with a similar period twelve months earlier. As a matter of fact, the figures for the eight months ending February, 1913 indicate that a decrease of practically one-third in complete cars shipped to this country took place. On the other hand, the reduction may be partially due to the fact that some big firms now send over their chassis in parts to be assembled over here.

## A Great Day at Brooklands.

The annual Inter-Club Meeting and Gala Day of the Clubs associated with the Royal Automobile Club is for Saturday next at Brooklands. In addition to some serious racing, there will be gymkhana

events, in the shape of an obstacle-race and hill-climb, and a blindfold driving competition. The latter is provocative of much amusement, for without witnessing an event of this kind it is difficult for the average individual to realise how fearfully at sea a driver is with regard to direction the moment he is deprived of vision. And no one is more astonished at their wild and unaccountable evolutions than the drivers themselves when their bandages are removed. It seems impossible that, having taken a good look round before being blindfolded, one could so far and so ludicrously miscalculate direction and distance. But so it is.



ON HIS WAY TO ESTABLISH RECORDS—ON THE GRAMOPHONE,  
MR. HARRY LAUDER IN A FIAT LANDAULETTE.

Photograph by Wakefields.

"Deeds, not Words" is the title of an interesting production of the Continental Tyre and Rubber Company, Ltd., in which they chronicle the successes of 1912. As an army fights upon its belly, so a car races on its tyres, for without tyres that are right up to their work, all the thought and labour of the drawing-office and the shops are as naught: Continental tyres are greatly in favour for Continental racing. In fifteen firsts, scored in 1912, figure the Grand Prix of the Automobile Club of France, the Grand Prix of Belgium, the Grand Prix de la Sarthe, the Targa Florio of Sicily, the Ventoux and Gaillon Hill - Climbs, the Austrian Alpine Tour—this

the most exacting and strenuous test to which touring-cars have yet been subjected—and the Russian Imperial Trials, which Mr. Frederic Coleman has reported as beyond words for awfulness. As on cars, so on motor-cycles, which in competition subject tyres to cruel strains, the Continentals have shone effulgently, for in the 1912 Tourist Trophy, the A.C.U. Six Days' races at Brooklands, and in motor-cycle events in France, the Continentals were always in evidence.

## TOURING TALKS. No. 7.

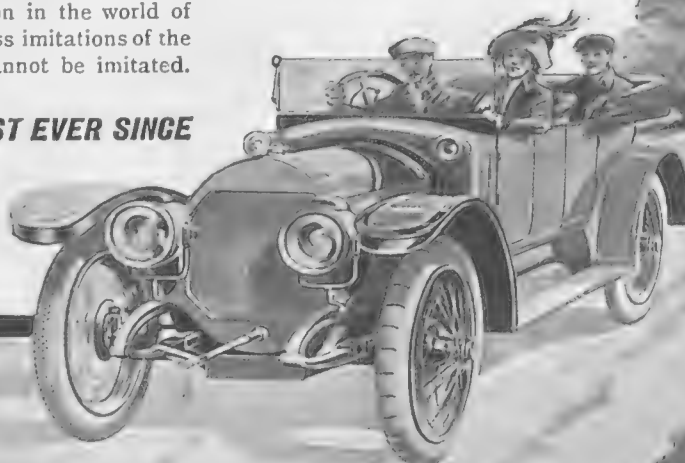
How many motorists who travel comfortably and complacently in luxuriously appointed cars along the Holyhead road realise the difficulties which beset terrorised travellers on the same journey in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries? This highway to Ireland was then a mere path cut in precipitous cliffs with, as Camden says, "rocks hanging over one above and the raging sea beneath." There was no choice of roads to Holyhead at that time, and the dread the existing one inspired amongst travellers to and from Ireland led to its width being increased to "nowhere less than four feet." Later, this was increased to seven feet, and a small wall, twelve inches high, protected (sic) travellers at the most dangerous parts. Finally, a wall of four or five feet high was run up, the cost being defrayed by subscribers in Dublin. What a comparison—travel on the Holyhead road two hundred years ago and to-day! Of course, we have well-laid roads to-day, but the luxurious motor travel must be traced directly to the introduction and development of the

# DUNLOP

tyre, which for a quarter of a century has maintained, and still maintains, in spite of fierce opposition, the premier position in the world of pneumatics. There are countless imitations of the Dunlop, but Dunlop quality cannot be imitated.

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£1000 INSURANCE. See below.

## CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with Mr. James Welch; the Horticultural Show; the Argentine Tango; the Black and White Act at the Alhambra; Wire-Protected Ladies Boxing; M. Nijinsky and Mme. Karsavina in "Jeux"; Miss Pearl Aufrere and Viscount Dangan; Miss Gladys Cooper; Mrs. Archibald Weigall; Mme. Pavlova; "8d. a Mile," at the Alhambra; "'Arrowing" sights at the Royal Wedding in Berlin.

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May 28, 1913.

Signature.....

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Additional Direct Trains (1st Class only) will leave **Charing Cross** at 11.35 a.m. ("Derby" Day only), 11.50 a.m. and 12.15 p.m. Returning from **Tattenham Corner** at 5.15 and 5.25 p.m.

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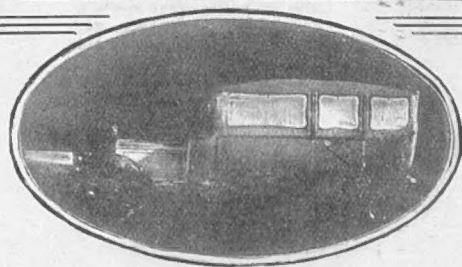
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FRANCIS H. DENT, General Manager.

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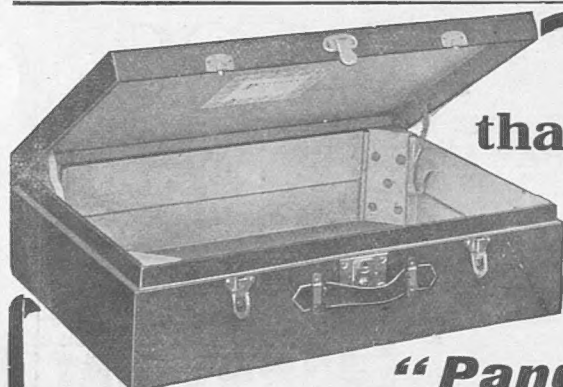
OWING to the exacting conditions of the Law, and the fact that without a perfectly lit Car your night driving would be a continuous source of danger, we commend to your notice the



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# GOOD YEAR

GREAT BRITAIN

## TYRES

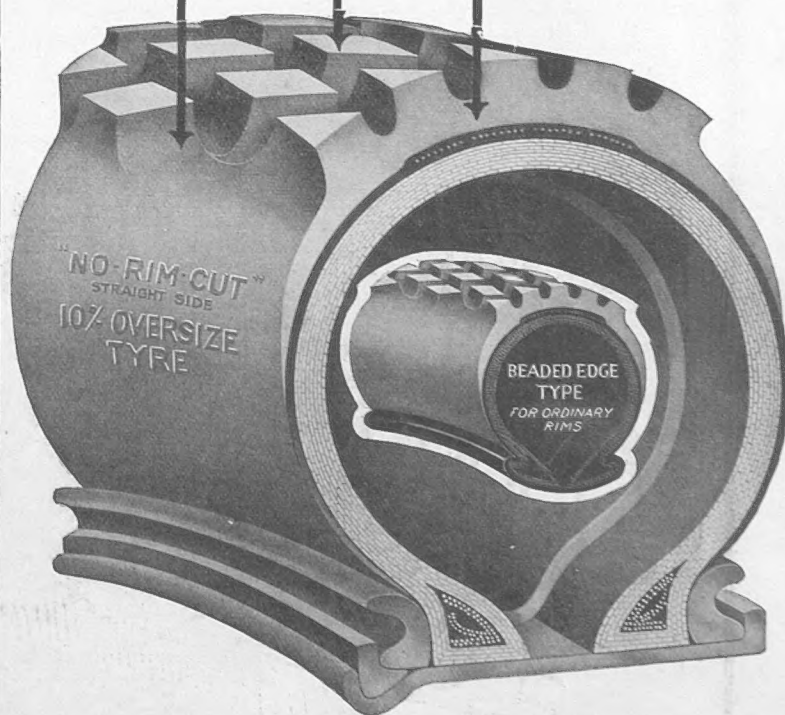
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TO FIT ALL RIMS

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Branches and Stockists everywhere.

Continued from page 254.]

**Salvador Sterling Bonds.**—£1,000,000 of these Bonds were issued in 1908 at 86, but this amount has been considerably reduced by the operation of the sinking fund. The security behind the Bonds is a special charge upon coffee export duty and general import duties. The opening of the Panama Canal is expected to have a very favourable influence over Salvador's commercial position, and there is no reason to expect anything except the continuance of the present regular payment of the amounts required for the service of these Bonds. We have referred to the *Mortgage Bonds of the Argentine National Bank* on several occasions, but include them again because we consider them one of the most attractive. They are issued by the Bank in return for mortgages, and thence come into the market. In addition to being secured on the mortgages, they are unconditionally guaranteed by the Argentine Government, and the yield compares very favourably with that offered by the direct Government obligations. They are a little difficult to deal with in London, but any of the South American banks will undertake both the purchase and the collection of the coupons as they become due.

**Domingo Tomba's Estate Debentures** were dealt with fully in our last issue, and we need not therefore recapitulate the particulars, but we consider them fully secured, and likely to appreciate to par before very long.

**Paraguay Central** did not do very well during the last six months for which the results are available, but the interest on the Prior Lien Debentures was paid and £11,400 carried forward. Since then, however, gross receipts have improved considerably, and the figures to May 17 show a total improvement of £31,700.

Various new extensions are being carried out, including the Encarnacion Dock and Ferry, and the Asuncion Tramways are being electrified. The Company is closely allied with Argentine North-Easterns, and the Bonds appear attractive.

**J. Sears and Co. (True-Form Boot Company), Ltd.**, issued its maiden Report in January, and made a very good showing. After deducting all working expenses, the profits amounted to £56,229. The sum of £15,300 was placed to reserves, £6650 preliminary expenses were written off, and 10 per cent. paid on the Ordinary shares, which are held by the vendors. The Preference shares, of which there are £175,000, seem, therefore, well secured, as their interest only requires £12,250, and we look upon them as a very reasonable Industrial holding.

**Aux Classes Laborieuses** is an excellently managed French drapery concern. There are £375,000 7 per cent. Preference, behind which rank £400,000 junior issues. The Debenture debt has been gradually reduced, and now stands at under £100,000. The Company did not do quite so well last year, but, nevertheless, profits

amounted to £80,000, and the Ordinary shares received 9½ per cent. It will thus be seen that the dividend on the Preference shares is covered two or three times over, and the reduction of the Debenture debt is a strong point in their favour. *Saturday, May 24, 1913.*

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.  
Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

**SEASON.**—We have no reason to doubt the accuracy of our statements. In fact, you can take it that the results will be as we said.

**X. Y. Z.**—It is impossible to obtain proper information as to the Lumber Bonds, and we therefore think you should sell them. The Railway Ordinary you should certainly hold for the present.

**NEMO.**—(1) and (2) We should hold for the present, but (3) appears hopeless. Sell for what you can get.

**M. B. (Glasgow).**—A sound security.

**ENRICO.**—We have answered you by post.

**YAHA (India).**—Your letter arrived too late for us to get necessary information this week; we will answer in next issue, but fear both are hopeless.

**HIGHLANDER.**—(1) The new San Paulo loan or either of the new issues mentioned in this week's Notes. (2) Your letter arrived too late for us to verify the quotation, but we believe it is 89-91. You could easily sell—as you suggest.

**OASIS.**—Both have fair prospects, but we prefer No. 2 on your list. Have you considered the attraction of Van Ryn Deep?

**FRED B. (Hackney).**—We think the shares you mention should be held. We know of no impending issue.

Elsewhere in this issue will be found particulars of the offer of £3,100,000 4½ per cent. Bonds to Bearer of the Troitzk Railway, which are guaranteed unconditionally by the Imperial Russian Government. The present issue is the balance of the authorised total of £3,695,960. Only half of the total offered, however, will be available for the public, as the prospectus states that £1,550,000 has already been applied for, and will be allotted in full on the terms of the prospectus. The Anglo-Russian Trust are responsible for the issue.

The Fifteenth Annual General Meeting of the "Sanitas" Company, Ltd., was held at their Limehouse (London) factory on May 21. The usual 7½ per cent. dividend was declared, £2000 placed to reserve, £1200 to contingency account, and £2993 carried forward. In the course of his speech, the Chairman referred at some length to the growing popularity of the "Sanitas" fluid, owing to its non-poisonous character, and valuable germicide and antiseptic properties.

## Up the River.



TAKE the best of all drinks for summer—"C & C" Ginger Ale.

Pour it out, creaming and sparkling like Champagne; hold it up for a moment and let the sunshine play upon its golden translucence, turning every tiny bubble into a globe of living light. Notice the fragrance of genuine ginger that rises from your glass. And then—a long, deep draught of cool refreshment.

"C & C" is indeed the ideal holiday drink, bright and crisp, with life and zest in every delicious drop. Whether you sit at your own table or at an alfresco meal on lawn or river, hillside, or seashore, be sure to have "C & C"—and plenty of it.

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